

TRANSMITTING.

SIGNAL'S COMING THROUGH?

OKAY.

CHAPTER ONE:

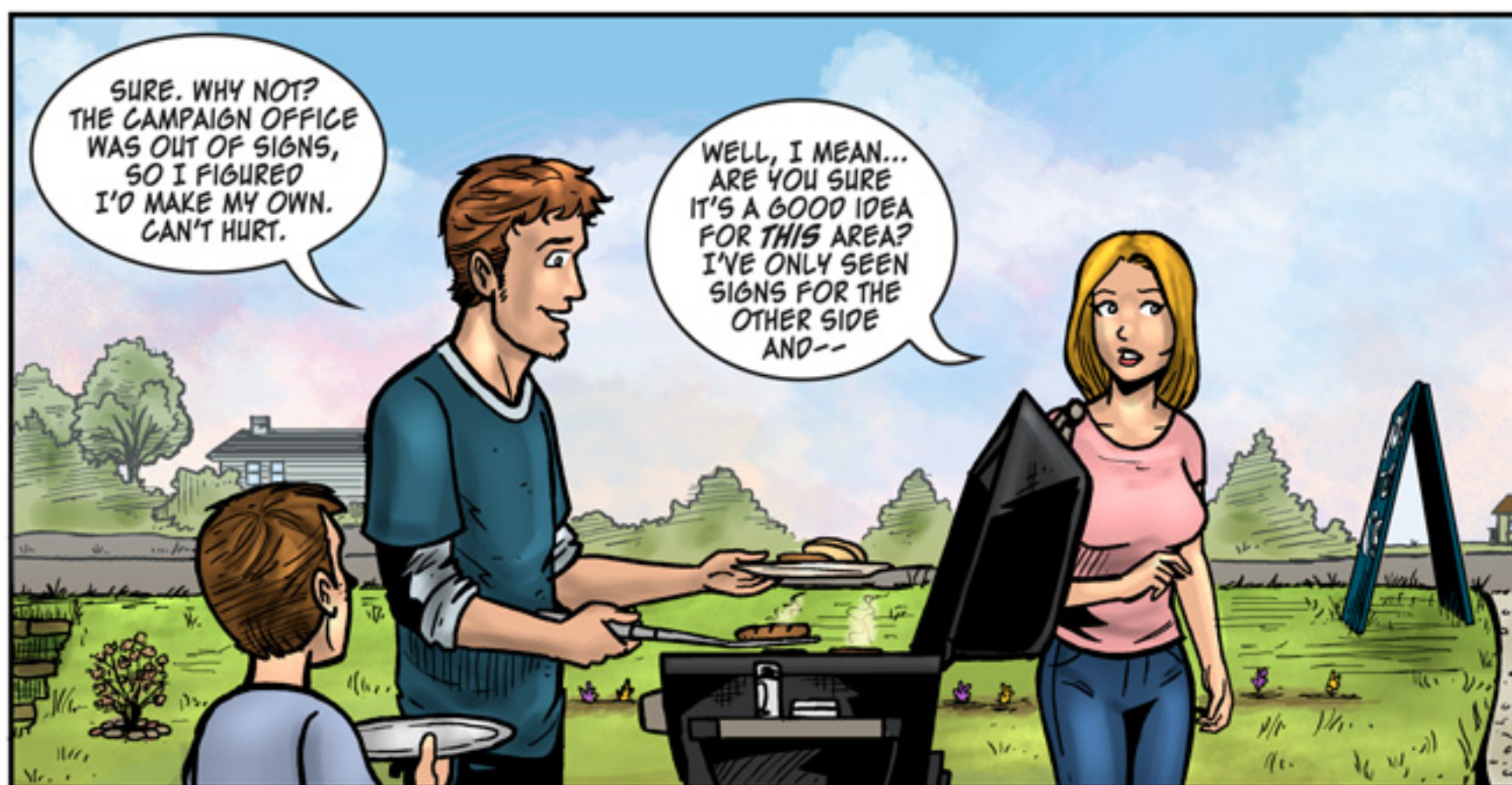
VOTE
FOR
CHANGE



WHAT IS THAT AT THE END OF OUR DRIVEWAY?

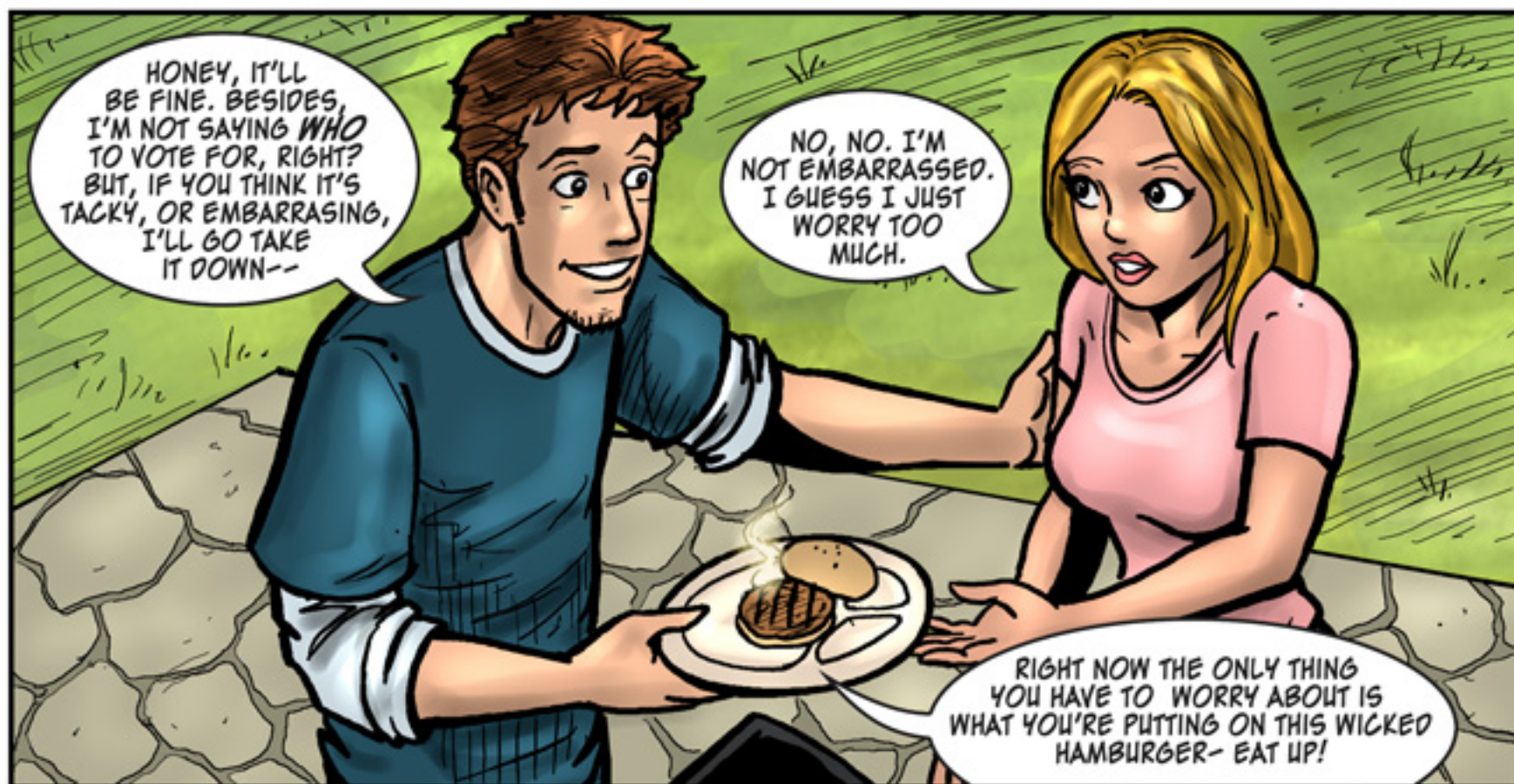
OH, THAT? I DECIDED TO MAKE MY OWN YARD SIGN.

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA?



SURE. WHY NOT? THE CAMPAIGN OFFICE WAS OUT OF SIGNS, SO I FIGURED I'D MAKE MY OWN. CAN'T HURT.

WELL, I MEAN... ARE YOU SURE IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR *THIS* AREA? I'VE ONLY SEEN SIGNS FOR THE OTHER SIDE AND--



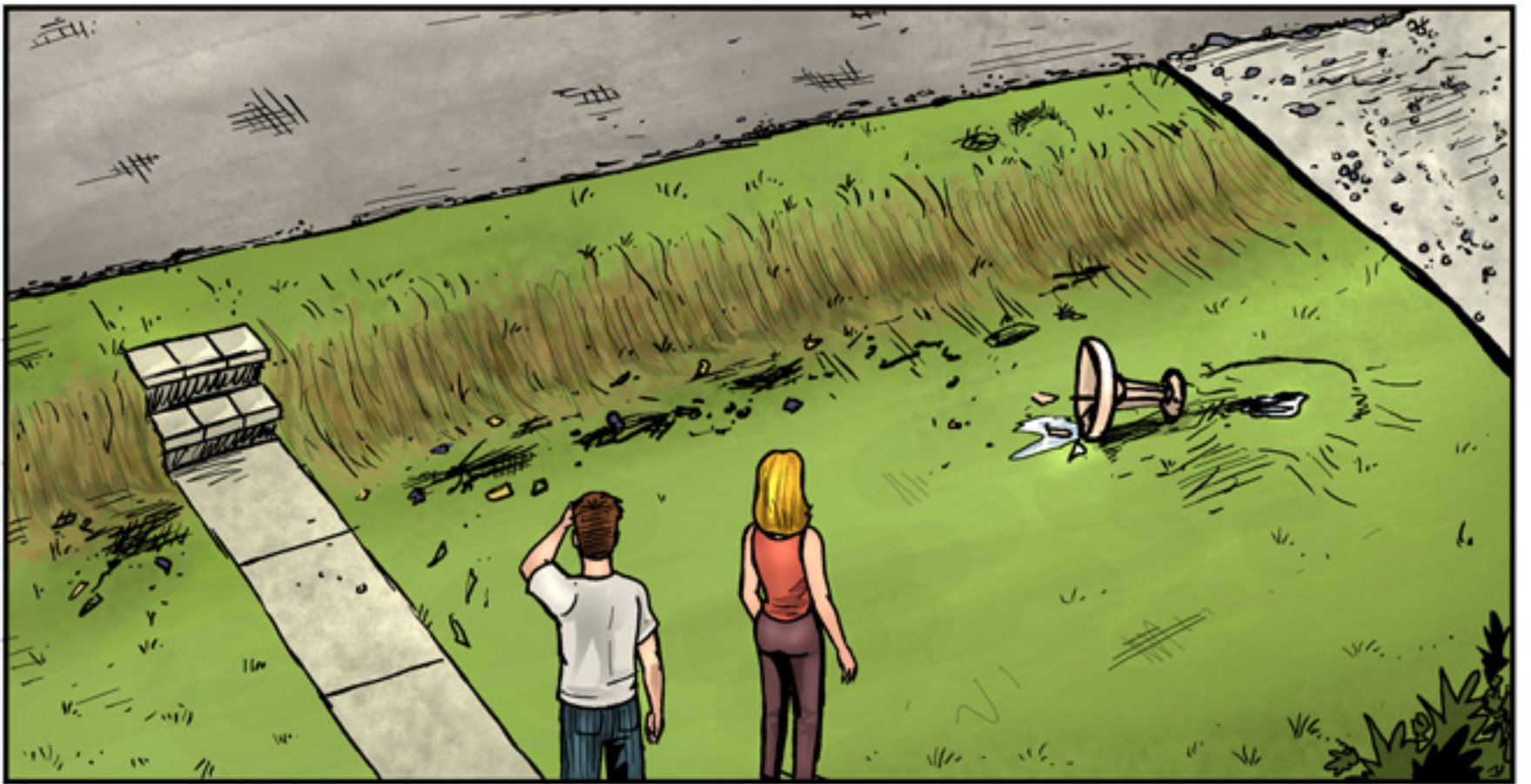
HONEY, IT'LL BE FINE. BESIDES, I'M NOT SAYING *WHO* TO VOTE FOR, RIGHT? BUT, IF YOU THINK IT'S TACKY, OR EMBARRASING, I'LL GO TAKE IT DOWN--

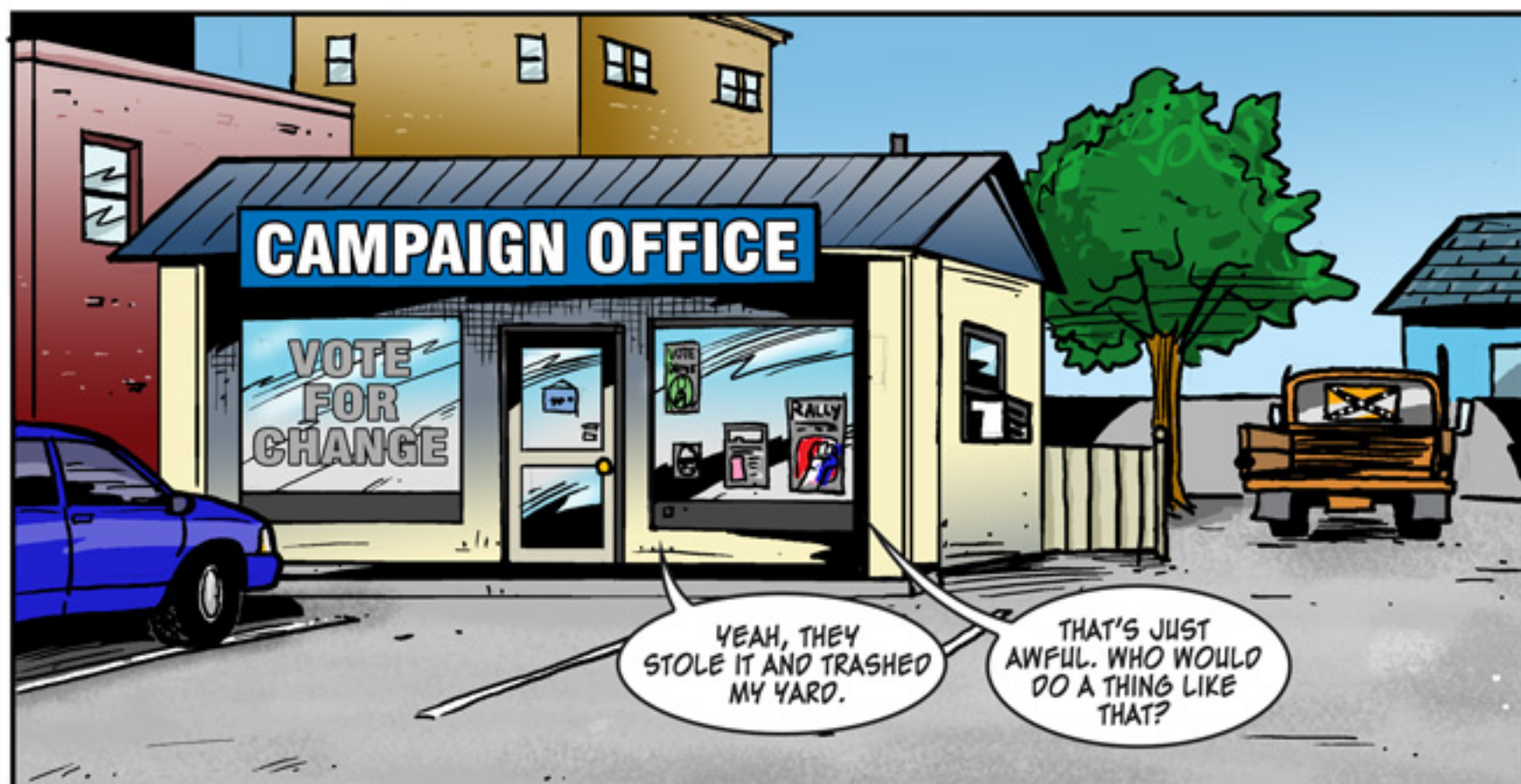
NO, NO. I'M NOT EMBARRASSED. I GUESS I JUST WORRY TOO MUCH.

RIGHT NOW THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS WHAT YOU'RE PUTTING ON THIS WICKED HAMBURGER- EAT UP!

SOUTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

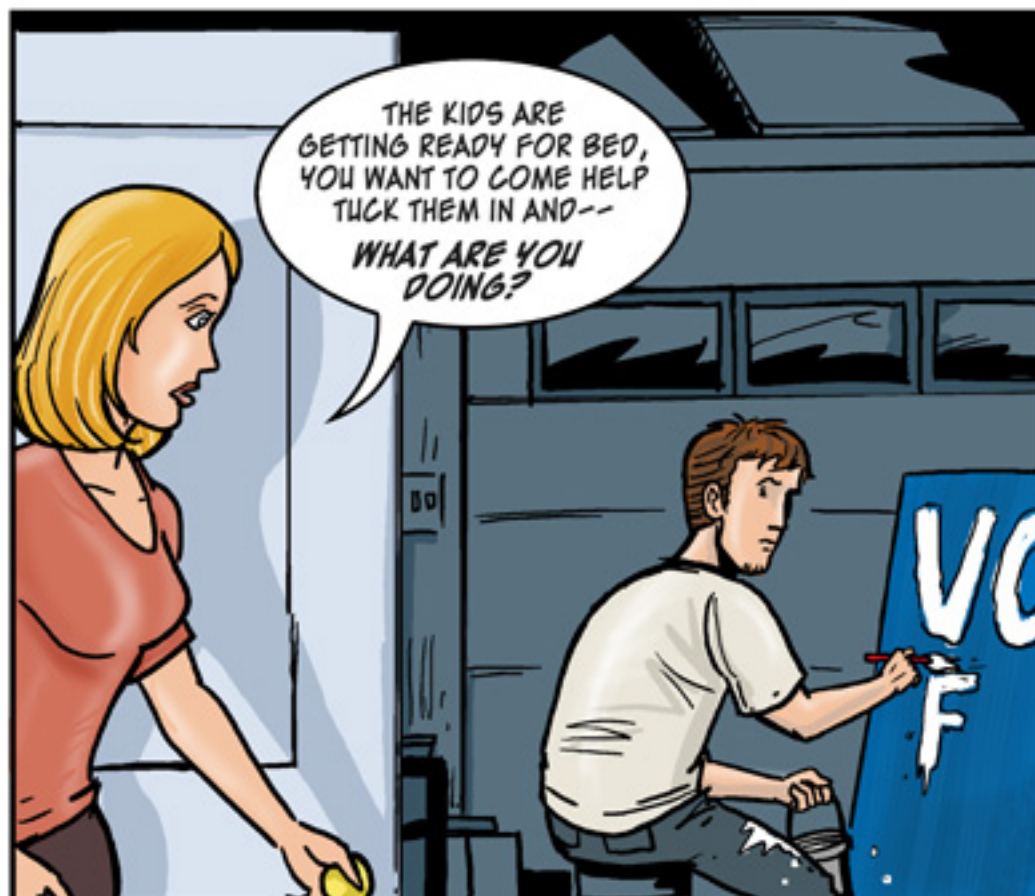






...DO NOT SIT IDLY BY...DO NOT REMAIN NEUTRAL...





THE KIDS ARE GETTING READY FOR BED, YOU WANT TO COME HELP TUCK THEM IN AND--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



OH...UH, I'M MAKING ANOTHER SIGN.



WHY?

WELL, I HAVE PLENTY OF PAINT AND BOARD, SO I THOUGHT--



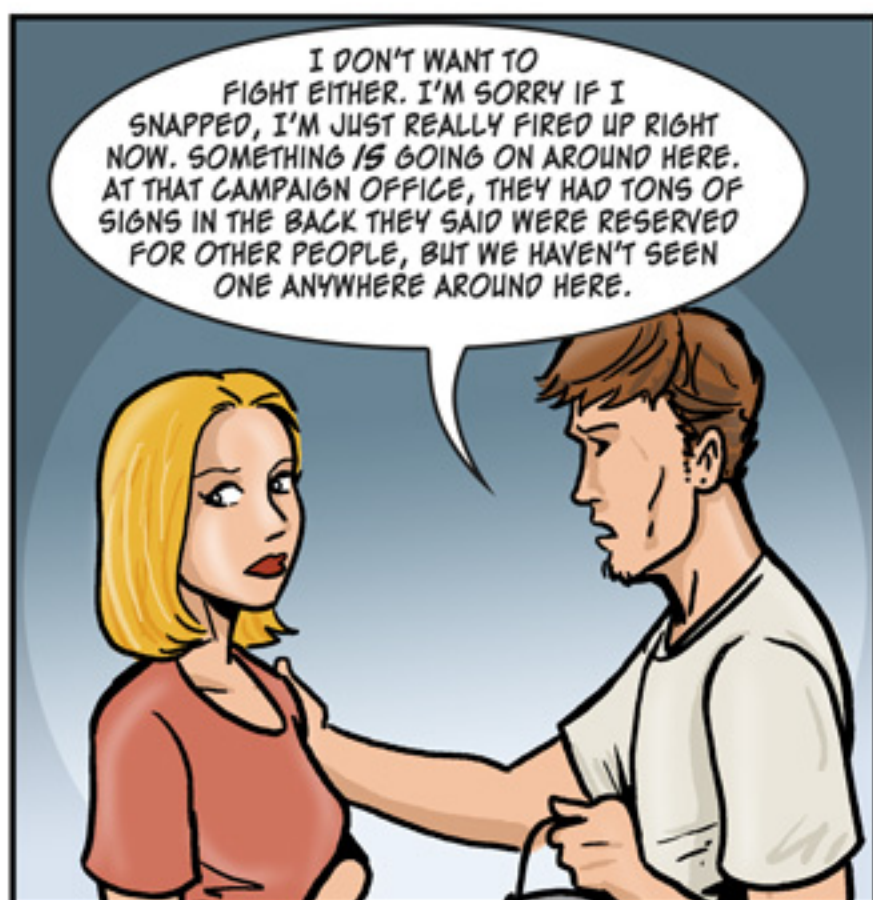
NO, I MEAN, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING? THEY'LL JUST COME BACK-- AND WHAT IF IT MAKES THEM MAD AND THEY DECIDE TO SHOOT OUT OUR WINDOWS OR SOMETHING?



MAKE *THEM* MAD? WHAT ABOUT *US*? WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO, SIT AROUND AND BE AFRAID WHILE THESE IDIOTS ARE GOING AROUND SILENCING PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY DON'T AGREE?

I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN.

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT ABOUT THIS.



I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT EITHER. I'M SORRY IF I SNAPPED, I'M JUST REALLY FIRED UP RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING *IS* GOING ON AROUND HERE. AT THAT CAMPAIGN OFFICE, THEY HAD TONS OF SIGNS IN THE BACK THEY SAID WERE RESERVED FOR OTHER PEOPLE, BUT WE HAVEN'T SEEN ONE ANYWHERE AROUND HERE.



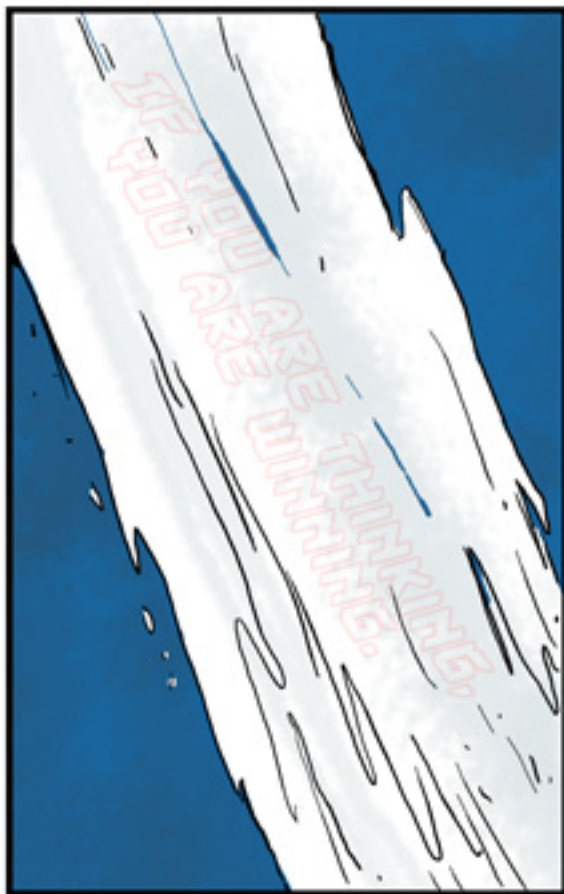
I FEEL LIKE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO KEEP US QUIET. STEAL OUR VOICE. I KNOW THAT PROBABLY SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD.

SO WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY STEAL THE NEXT SIGN, AND THE NEXT?

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP PAINTING SIGNS UNTIL I'M OUT OF PAINT.











HEY FELLAS, THAT GUY UP ON MILLER ROAD WENT AND PAINTED SOME MORE SIGNS!

HOW MANY?

I DON'T KNOW, THREE OR FOUR I GUESS.

GET OUT OF TOWN! WELL YOU CAN'T SAY HE'S NOT DETERMINED.



OR HE THINKS HE'S BEING CLEVER. EITHER WAY, WE'LL GRAB THOSE BEFORE DAWN WHEN WE'RE OUT SNAGGING THE OTHERS.

IF HE KEEPS MAKING 'EM, WE'LL KEEP TAKING 'EM.



YOU SURE WE SHOULD GO BACK UP THERE?

ARE YOU GETTING SOFT, CHUCK?

NO, BUT I MEAN THEY'RE NOT PAYING US TO GRAB THOSE SIGNS, MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE THEM BE.

WE GOT OURSELVES A BATTLE OF WILLS NOW, ONE I DON'T COUNT ON LOSIN'.

FEEL FREE TO STAY BEHIND IF YOU'RE FEELING PUSSED OUT, CHUCKY.

NAW, I'M COMIN'. I JUST GOT A BAD FEELING IS ALL. PUTTING IT ON THE RECORD.



HOW MANY SIGNS DID YOU SAY THERE WERE AGAIN?

LOOKED LIKE THREE OR FOUR.



WELL I'LL BE DAMNED...

1. AN AREA OF MIRY OR BOGGY GROUND
WHOSE SURFACE YIELDS UNDER THE TREAD; A BOG.

2. A SITUATION FROM WHICH
EXTRICATION IS VERY DIFFICULT.



CHAPTER TWO:

IRAQ







TOO BAD THIS SHIT DOESN'T WORK ON THE BAD GUYS.

HOORAY, CHOCOLATE FOR EVERYONE.



I DON'T TRUST ANY OF THESE LITTLE SMELLY FUCKERS, CAPTAIN.

NOW THAT'S NOT NICE, DOUGLASS-- THESE CHILDREN ARE THE FUTURE. WE SHOULD TEACH THEM WELL AND LET THEM LEAD THE WAY--

YEAH? WELL THIS COUNTRY IS FUCKED THEN.

DOUGLASS HAS NO SENSE OF HUMOR, SIR. AND HE MISSED YOUR WHITNEY HOUSTON REFERENCE.



THESE ARE PROBABLY THE SAME BASTARDS THAT THREW ROCKS THE LAST TIME.

YOU NEVER THREW SHIT AT CARS WHEN YOU WERE A KID, DOUGLASS?

I DID A LOT WORSE--

SEE THERE? AND DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT CHOCOLATE TASTED LIKE WHEN YOU WERE A KID?



IT TASTED GOOD, I GUESS.

THAT'S RIGHT. IT TASTED GOOD. NOW HAND OUT THE DAMN CANDY.



THERE'S ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY. NO FIGHTING.

THE KIDS USE TO BOTHER ME TOO, D. NOW I KINDA LOOK FORWARD TO MAKING A KID SMILE. THEY GROW ON YOU.

STAY IN SCHOOL.

YEAH, LIKE FUCKING HEMORRHOIDS.





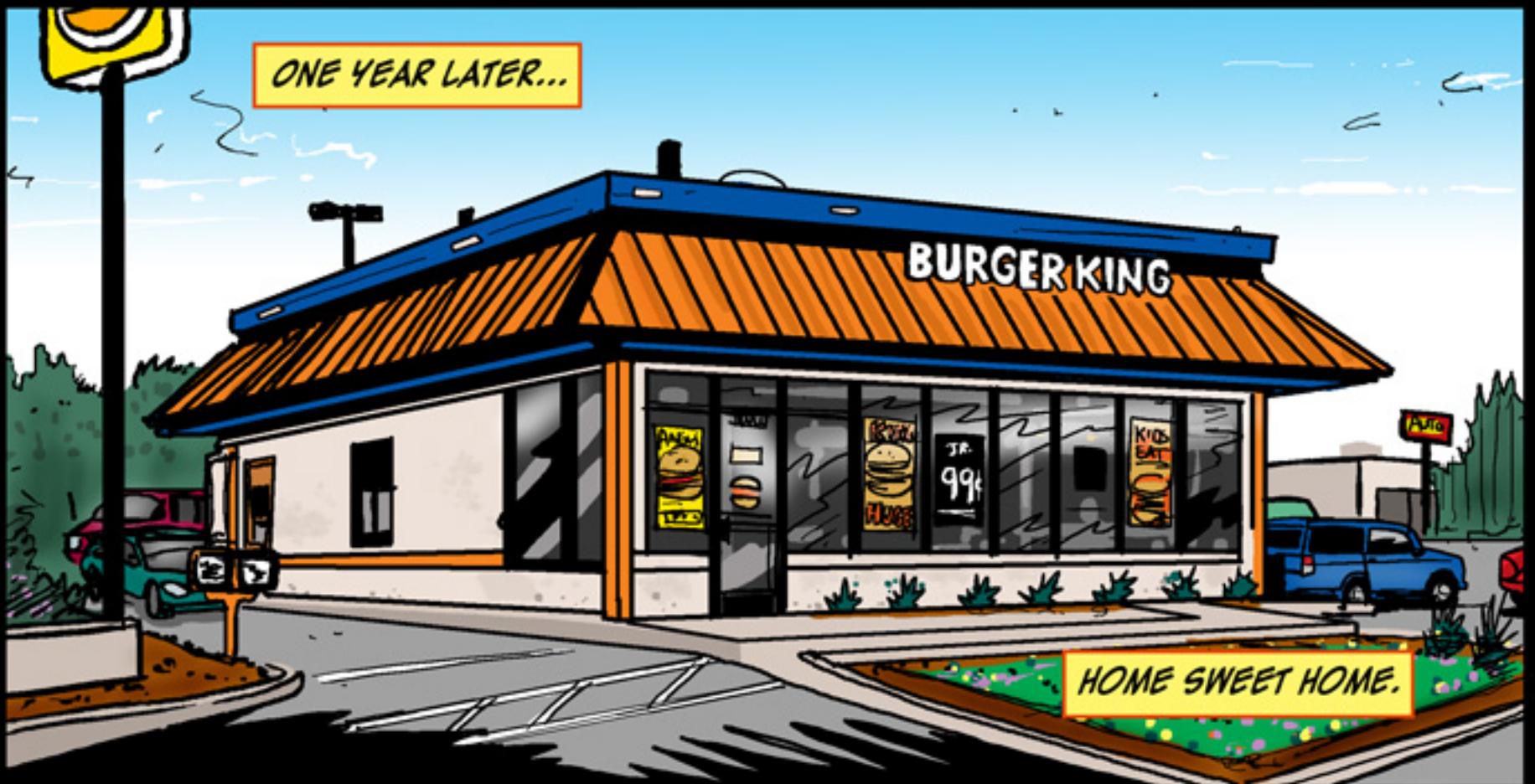
CANDYMAN-1, THIS IS FACTORY,
WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?--

CANDYMAN-1,
DO YOU COPY?

GAHHH!!

FACTORY ACTUAL TO CANDYMAN-1,
WE SEE YOU- SENDING
GOLDEN TICKET-- OVER.






A comic book panel showing Tony Stark on the left, partially visible, wearing a blue shirt. He is talking to an older man with white hair and a wrinkled face, wearing an orange button-down shirt. The older man is speaking and gesturing with his hands. The background is a simple grey wall with a vertical line.

THE REVIEW BOARD
TOOK MY STATEMENT,
BUT THEY'RE NOT
GOING TO PUT YOU
BACK ON ACTIVE
DUTY, TONY. THEY
THINK IN YOUR
CONDITION, YOU
MIGHT--

MY CONDITION?

MY EYE? I CAN
STILL SEE FINE,
AND THERE'S
PLENTY I CAN
DO BESIDES
DRIVE.

WELL, YOUR
LEG, TOO--

A close-up of Tony Stark's face, showing a look of intense concern or anger. His eyes are wide open, and his mouth is slightly agape. He has a small sweat drop on his forehead.

MY LEG? I'VE PROVEN
I CAN RUN EVEN ***FASTER***
NOW, WHAT THE HELL
CONDITION ARE THEY
TALKING ABOUT?

A panel showing the older man in profile, facing Tony. He is speaking with a serious expression. The background is a solid yellow wall.

IT'S YOUR ***MIND***
TONY.

THEY'RE WORRIED
ABOUT YOUR STATE
OF MIND.

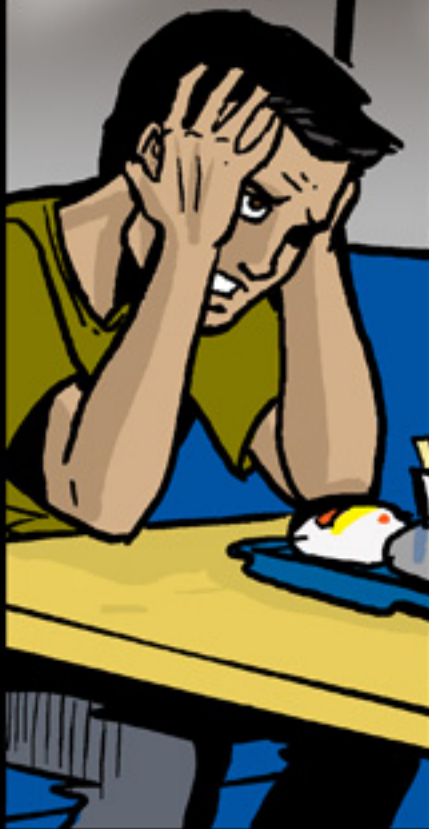




TONY, I'M SORRY. I WISH THERE WAS
SOMETHING MORE I COULD DO
OR SAY, OR PRAY TO MAKE THIS
BETTER FOR YOU.



TELL ME WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED TO
DO NOW.



WELL, DO YOU WANT ME TO GIVE
IT TO YOU STRAIGHT, OR JUST TELL
YOU EVERYTHING IS GOING TO
BE OKAY?



I CAN
TAKE IT.



FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU **CAN** TAKE IT. I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVEN DID IT AFTER VIETNAM. THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT ME SANE WAS FINDING THE LORD, BUT I CAN'T FORCE THAT DOWN YOUR THROAT. I DO BELIEVE THIS THOUGH...



...THERE'S NOTHING AVAILABLE IN ANY BOTTLE OR PILL THAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT ANY BETTER, OR TAKE THESE THOUGHTS OUT OF YOUR MIND, BELIEVE ME, I'VE SEARCHED! PROBLEM IS, YOU WENT TO WAR AS A BOY AND CAME HOME A BROKEN MAN, YOUR MIND WASN'T READY-- SHATTERED INTO A BILLION PIECES.

IT'S UP TO **YOU** TO PICK UP THE PIECES AND PUT IT ALL BACK TOGETHER.



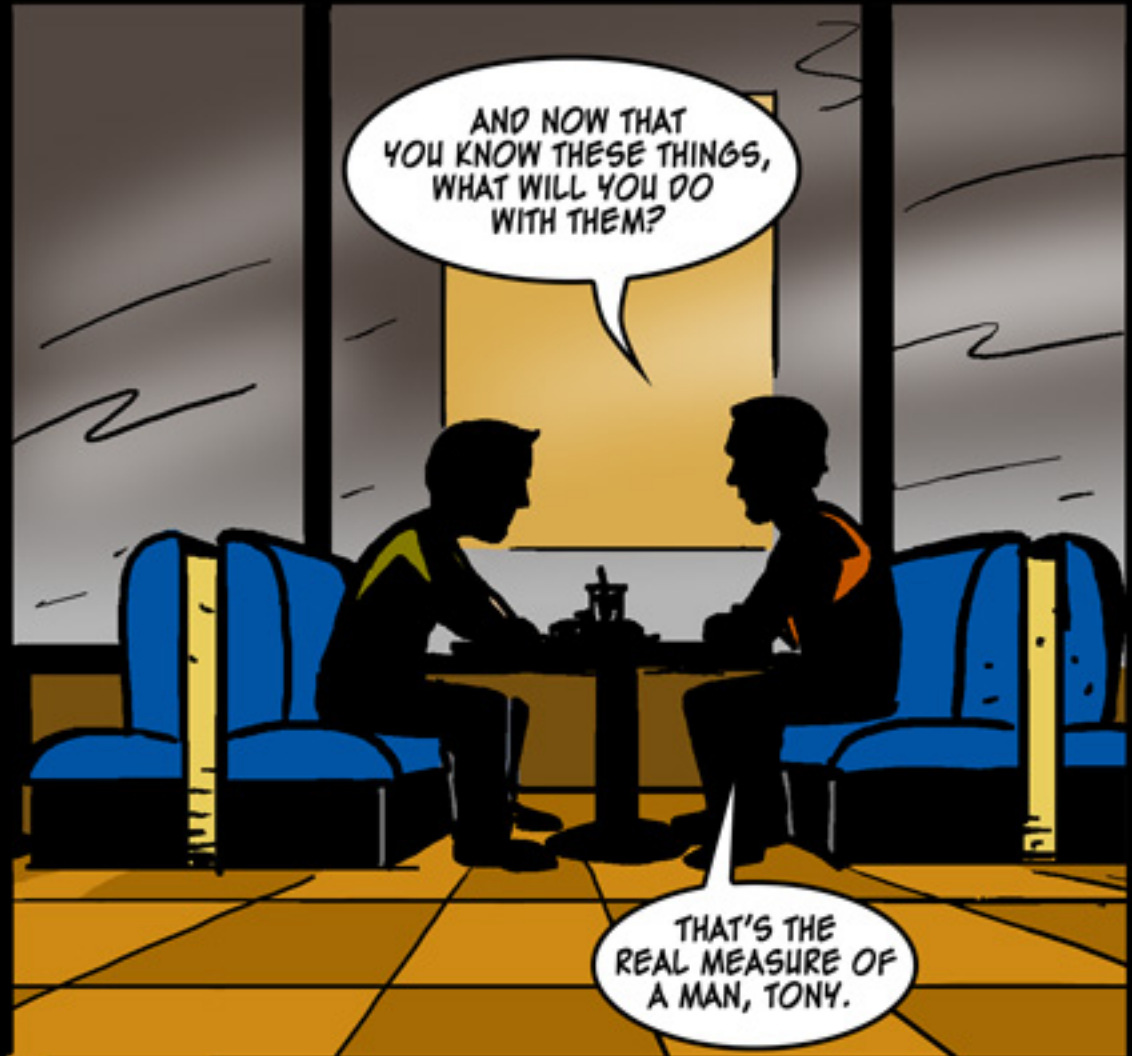
SOME CAN'T DO THAT. SOME ARE NEVER TOLD. YOU GET LOCKED IN YOUR OWN THOUGHTS LIKE A PRISONER.

YOU MUST REACH WITHIN YOU AND FIND THE MEANS BY WHICH TO GAIN YOUR FREEDOM.



I KNOW WHAT THIS WORLD LOOKS LIKE TO YOU NOW. A CIRCUS OF BULLSHIT WITH PEOPLE SO FAR REMOVED FROM THE REALITY YOU'VE KNOWN. SHELTERED, SPOILED, MATERIAL THINGS THAT MEAN ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN THE GRAND SCHEME. THE TRUTH IS... **YOU'RE LUCKY.**

YOU'VE PEERED BEYOND THAT VEIL.



AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW THESE THINGS, WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THEM?

THAT'S THE REAL MEASURE OF A MAN, TONY.





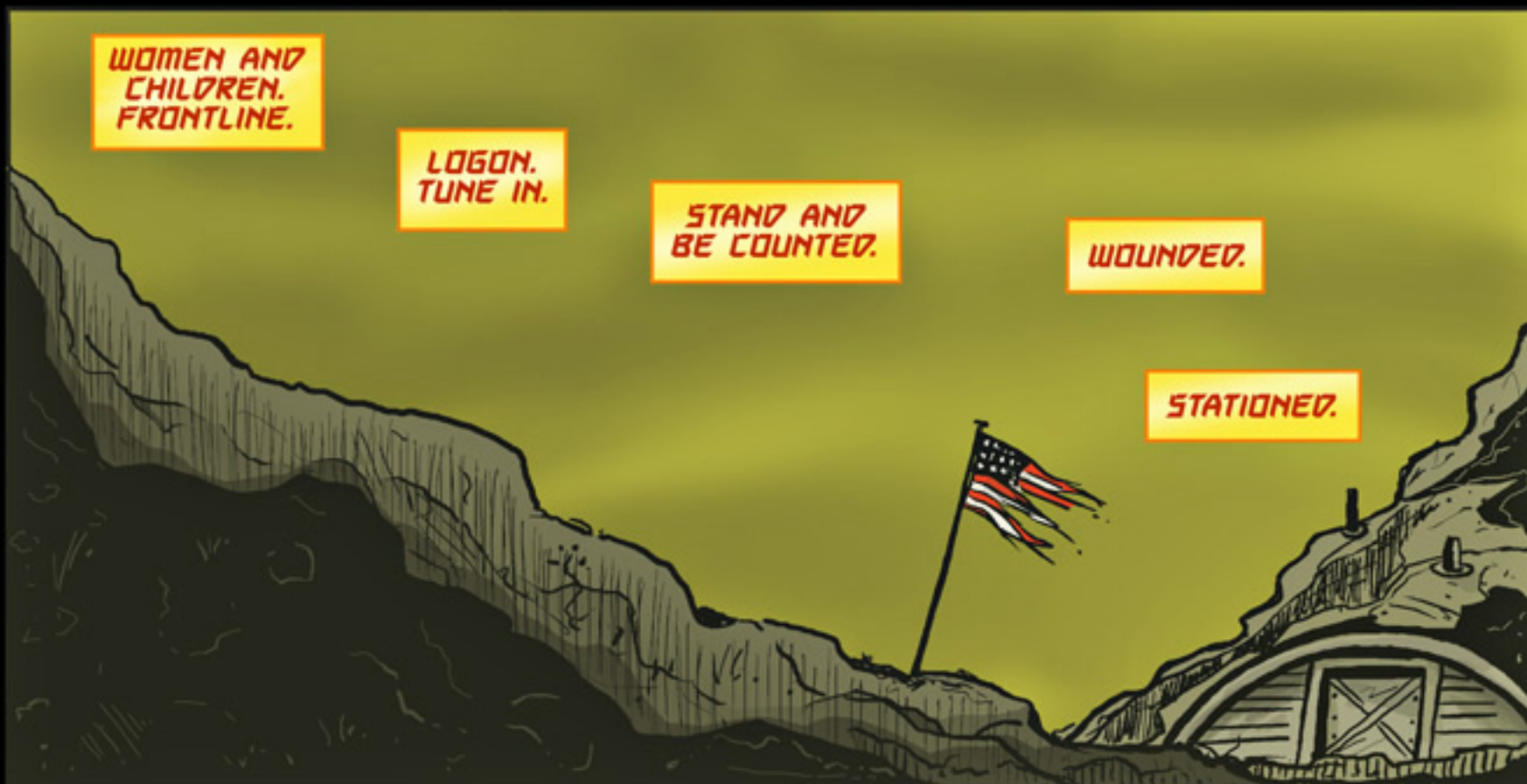
**WOMEN AND
CHILDREN.
FRONTLINE.**

**LOGON.
TUNE IN.**

**STAND AND
BE COUNTED.**

WOUNDED.

STATIONED.



**IN THE BELLY
OF THE VULTURE-
WATCH YOUR BACK.**

**THERE'S NO
CIVILIANS.**

**WOMEN,
CHILDREN,
FRONTLINE,
LISTEN.**



CONSIDER THIS A DISTANT - EARLY - WARNING.

THE FIRES
IMMINENT.

POLLUTION GATHERING
DUST PARTICLES.

FUNNELING THROUGH SMOKESTACKS.

AIRWAVES.
BANDWIDTH.

DISINFORMATION TUBE FED.

CHECK THE LABEL.

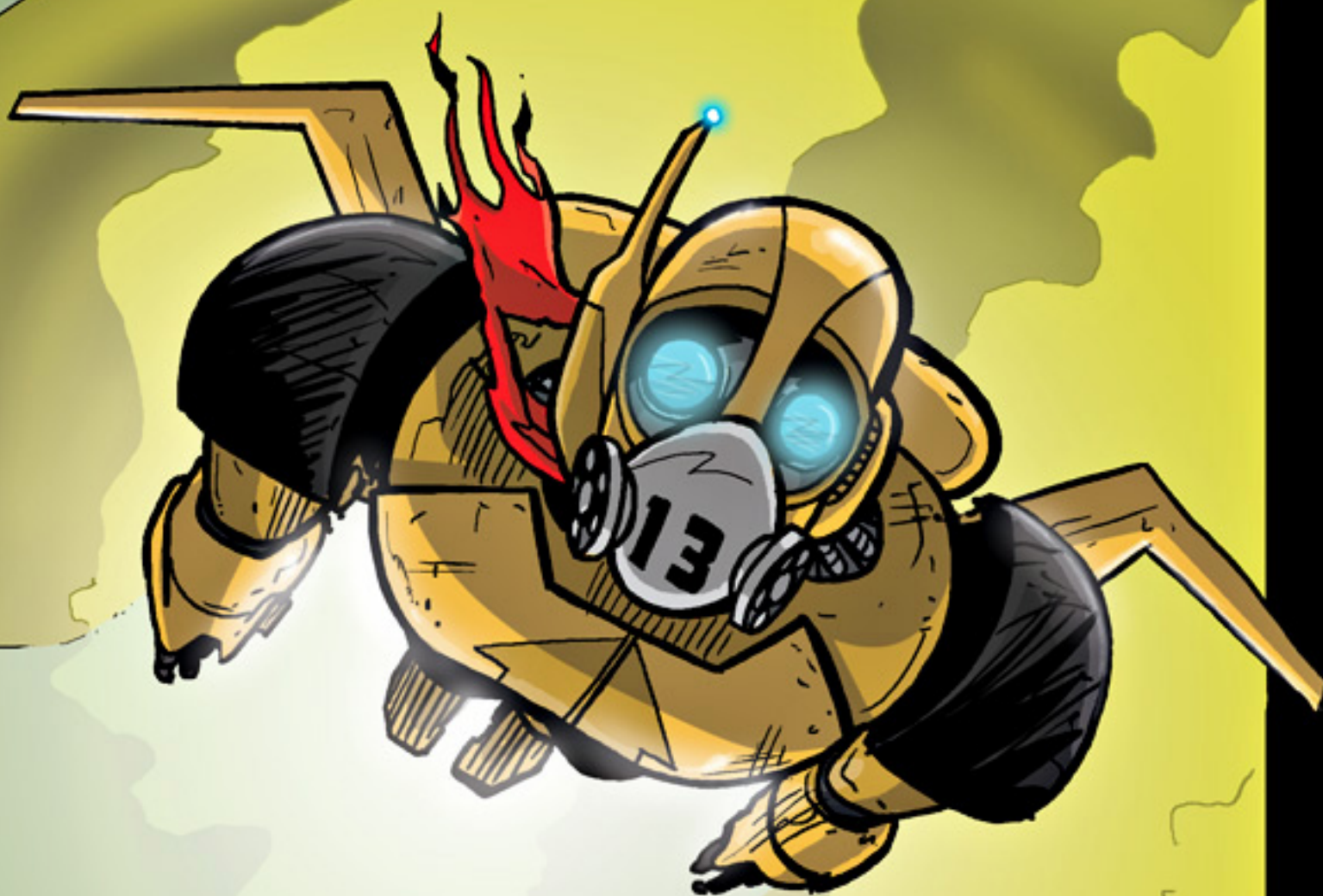
DELETE THE VIRUS.

ALERT THE MASSES.

RESTRICTED
AREA
NO FLY ZONE
EXTERMINATION POLICY 5509

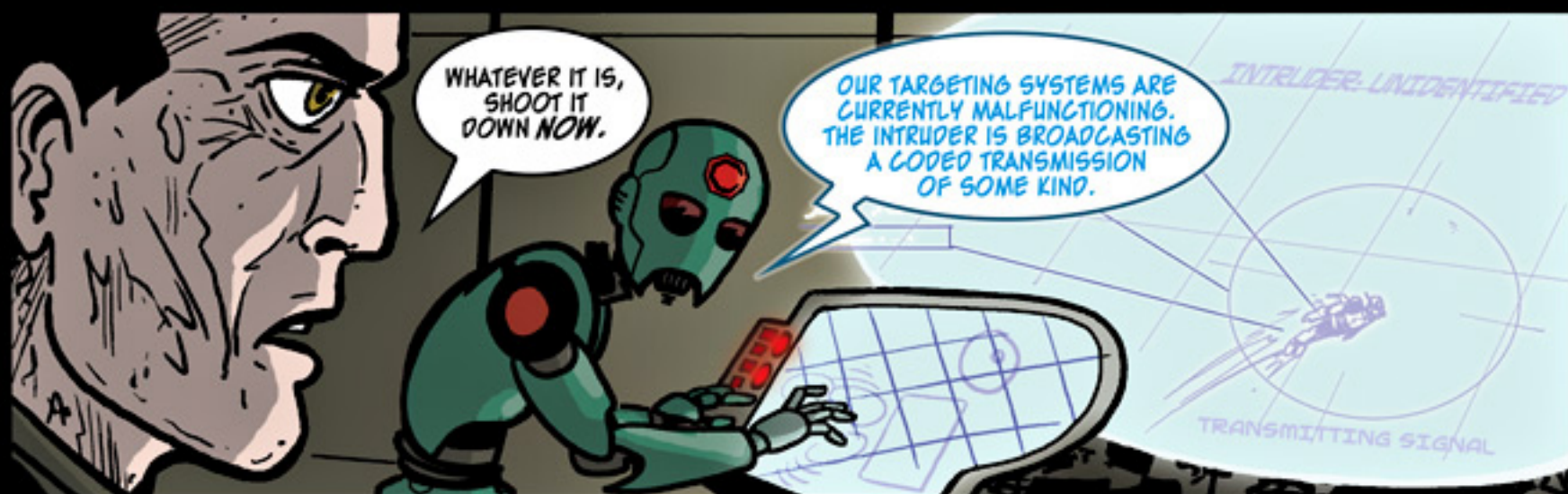
RISE OF THE FLOBOTS.

**PORTRAIT OF THE NEW
AMERICAN INSURGENT.**



**RATTLE AND SHAKE THE FOUNDATIONS
OF THE WORLD ORDER.**

SIR, THE NO FLY
ZONE HAS BEEN
BREACHED.





SUIT UP.

FORGE RUBBLE
INTO FORTRESSES.



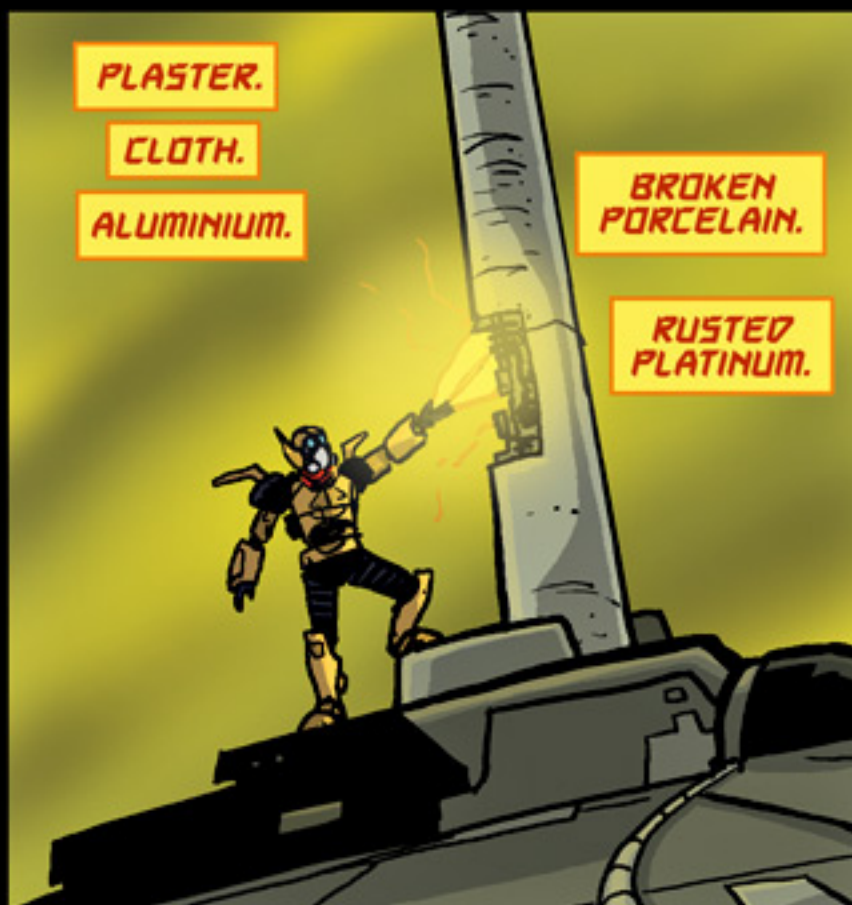
PLASTER.

CLOTH.

ALUMINIUM.

BROKEN
PORCELAIN.

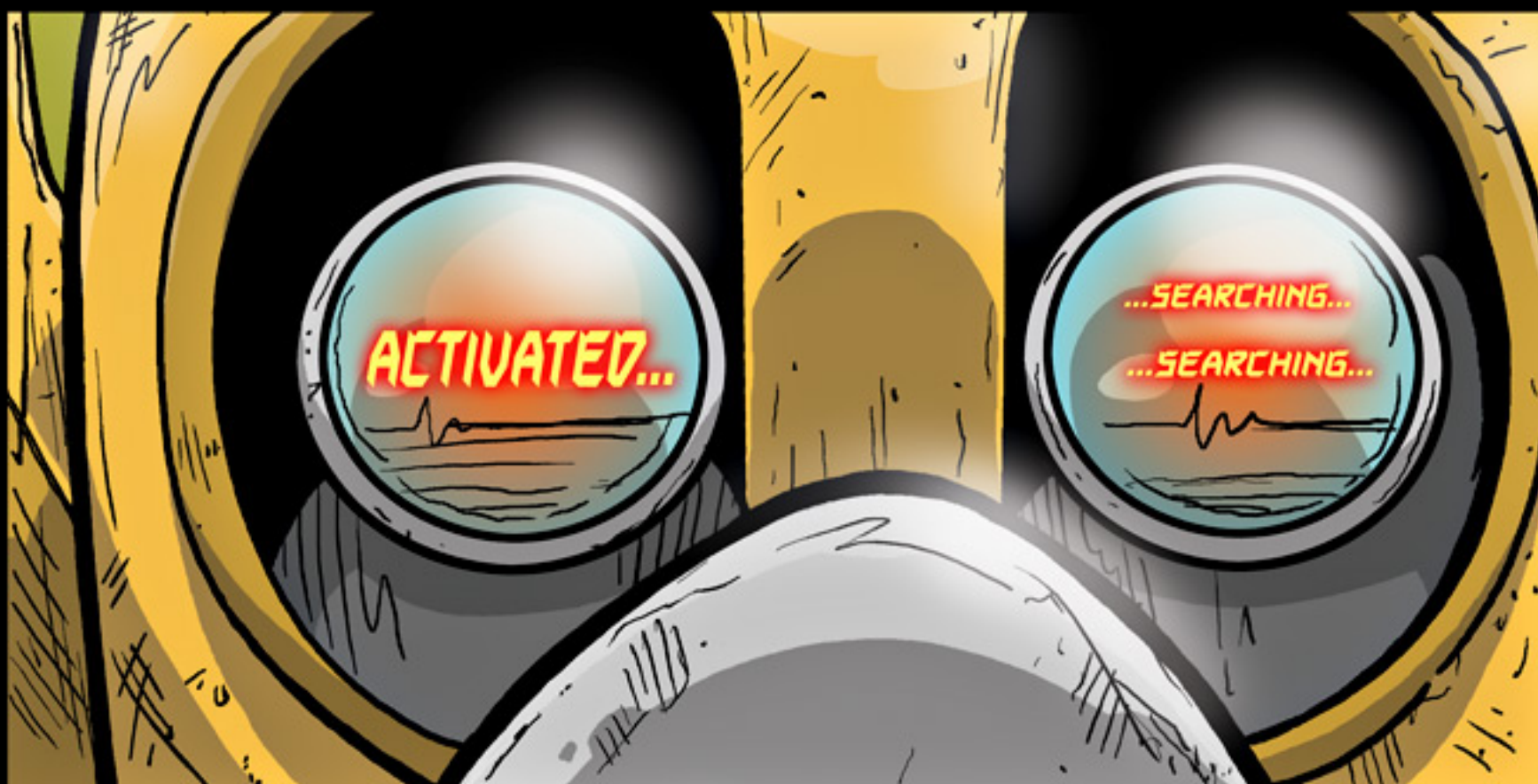
RUSTED
PLATINUM.



ACTIVATED...

...SEARCHING...

...SEARCHING...



THIRTEEN HAS
MADE IT TO THE
TOWER AND
INTERCEPTED
THE SIGNAL...
IT'S WORKING!

STEADY NOW.
STAND BY
FOR DATA
TRANSFER.

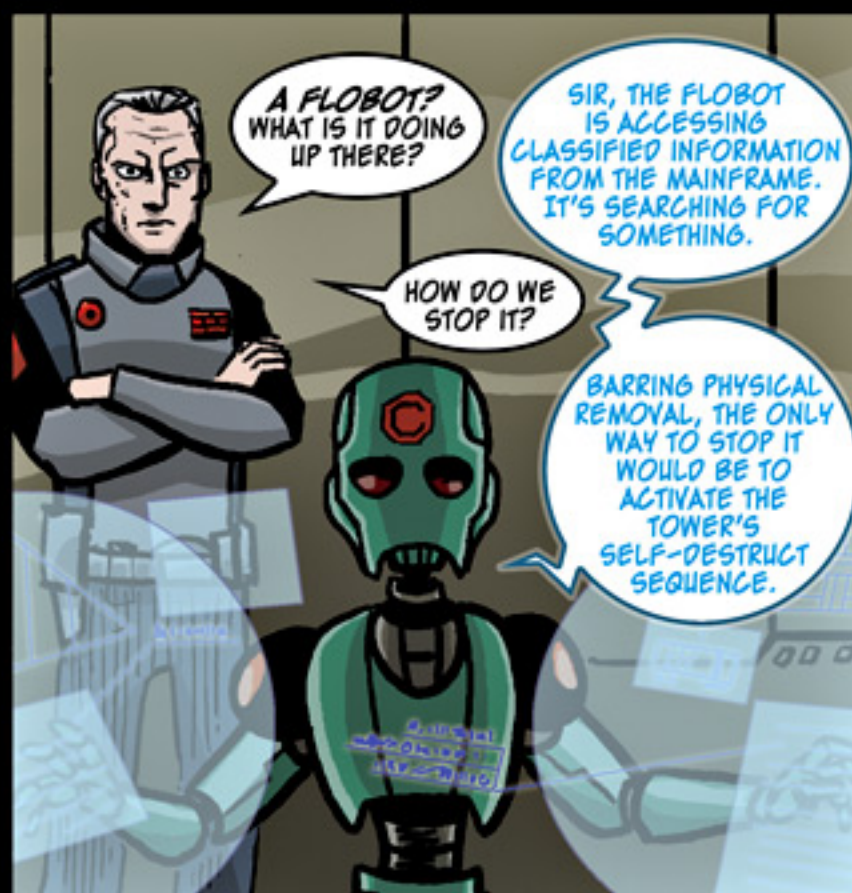


A FLOBOT?
WHAT IS IT DOING
UP THERE?

SIR, THE FLOBOT
IS ACCESSING
CLASSIFIED INFORMATION
FROM THE MAINFRAME.
IT'S SEARCHING FOR
SOMETHING.

HOW DO WE
STOP IT?

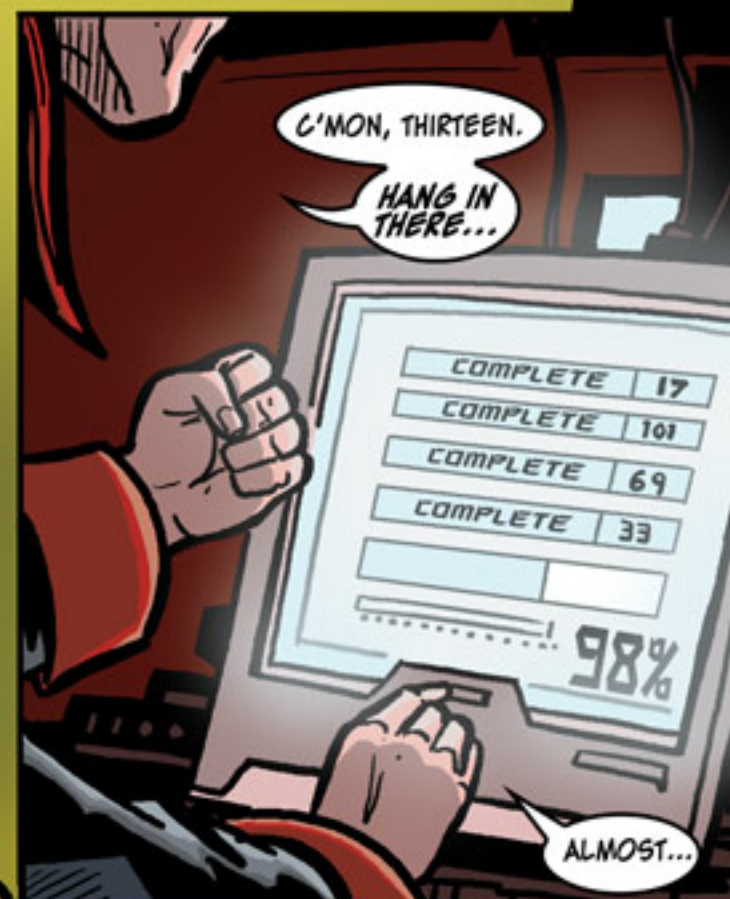
BARRING PHYSICAL
REMOVAL, THE ONLY
WAY TO STOP IT
WOULD BE TO
ACTIVATE THE
TOWER'S
SELF-DESTRUCT
SEQUENCE.

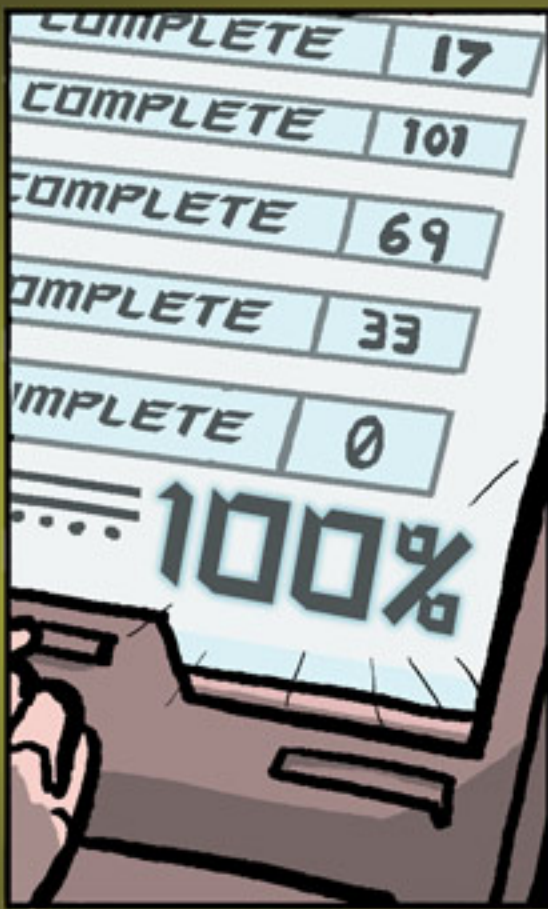




**BURN BLOODSTAINS FROM
DECOMPRESSED DIAMONDS.**

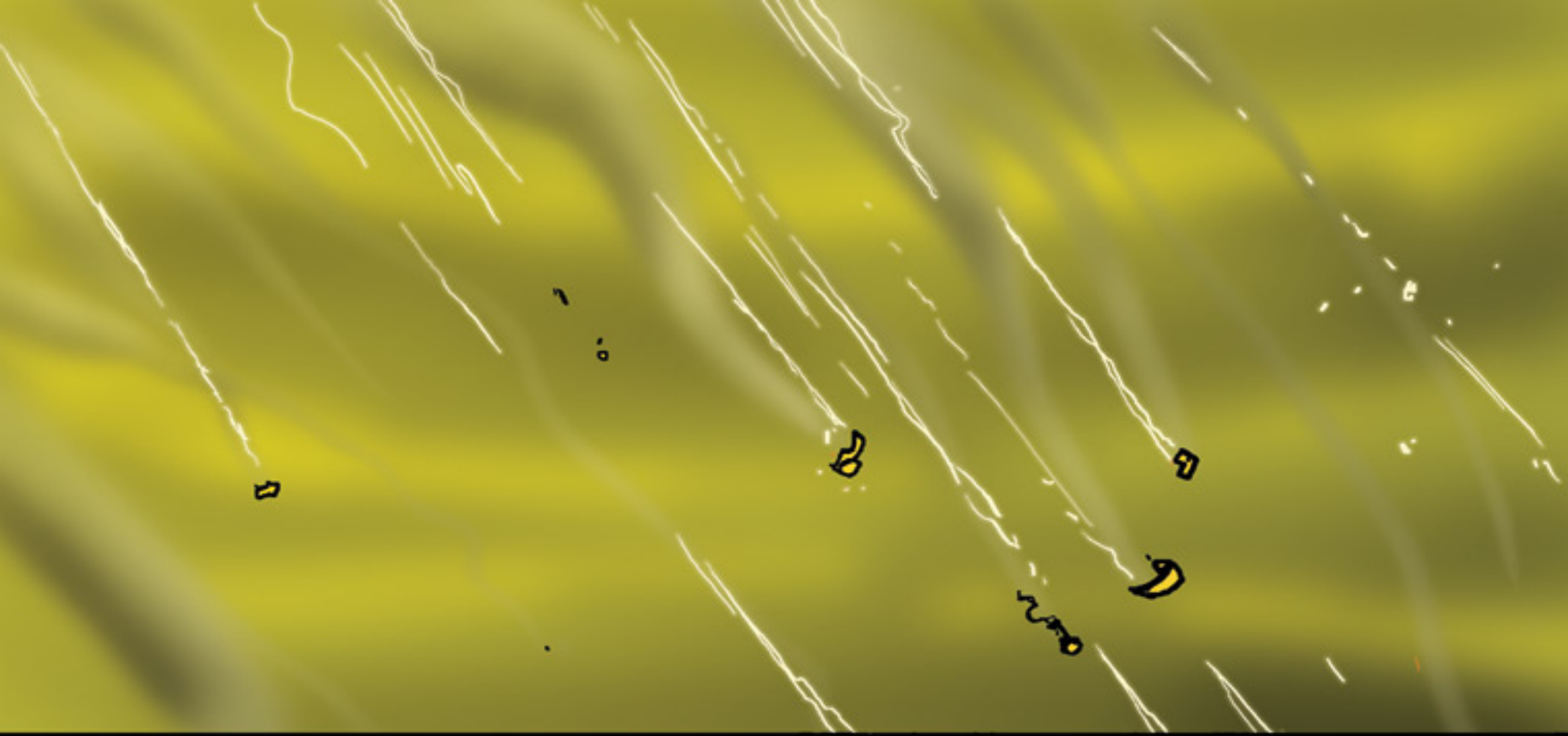
**HAMMER THE BATTLECRY INTO
BRAILLE STUDDED ARMOR-**





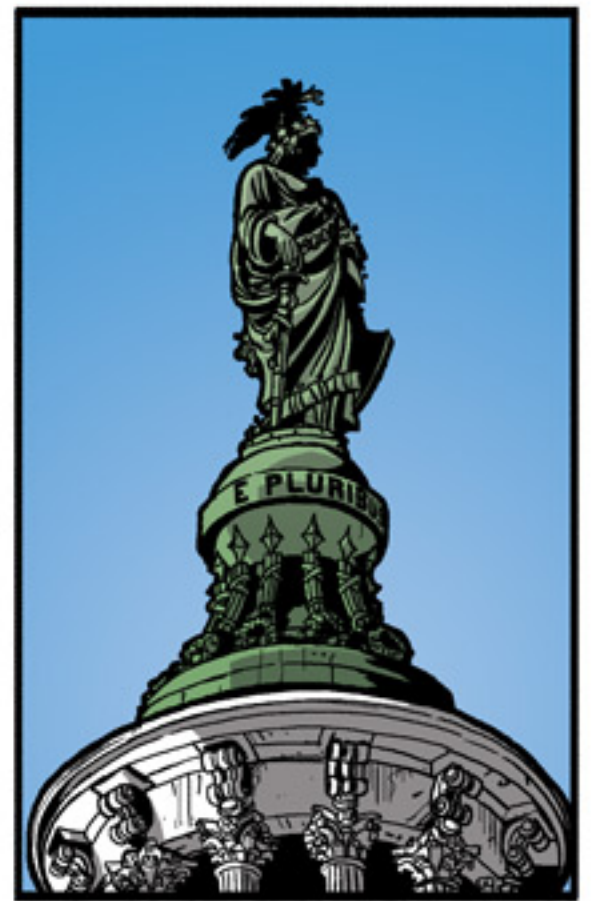
THOOOM!

OH NO.









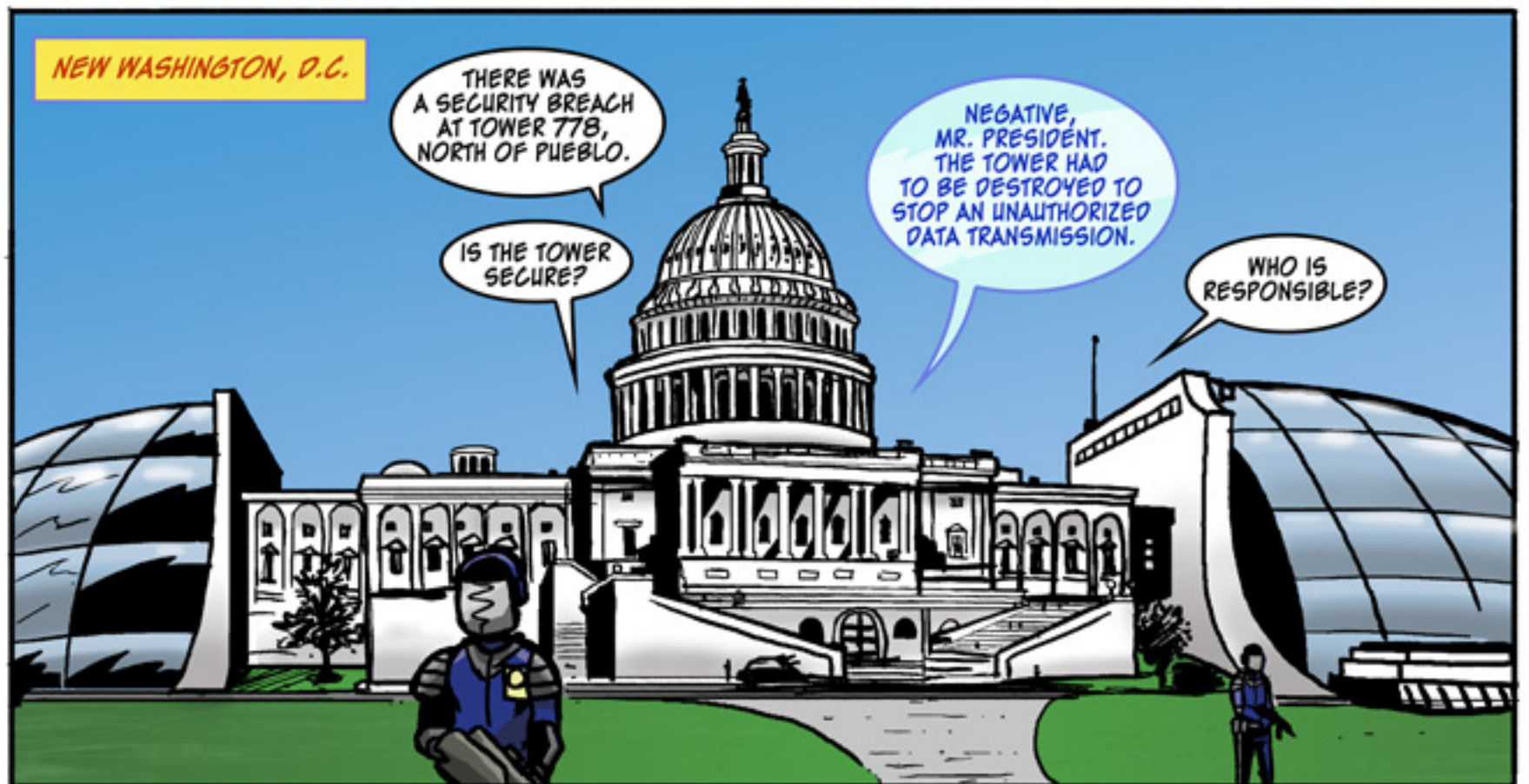
NEW WASHINGTON, D.C.

THERE WAS A SECURITY BREACH AT TOWER 778, NORTH OF PUEBLO.

IS THE TOWER SECURE?

NEGATIVE, MR. PRESIDENT. THE TOWER HAD TO BE DESTROYED TO STOP AN UNAUTHORIZED DATA TRANSMISSION.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?



AS YOU CAN SEE, WE BELIEVE THE ASSAULT WAS CARRIED OUT BY A LONE FLOBOT, WHICH WE ARE STILL ATTEMPTING TO IDENTIFY--

A FLOBOT? THE ONLY FLOBOTS IN THAT AREA ARE DEACTIVATED SCRAP.

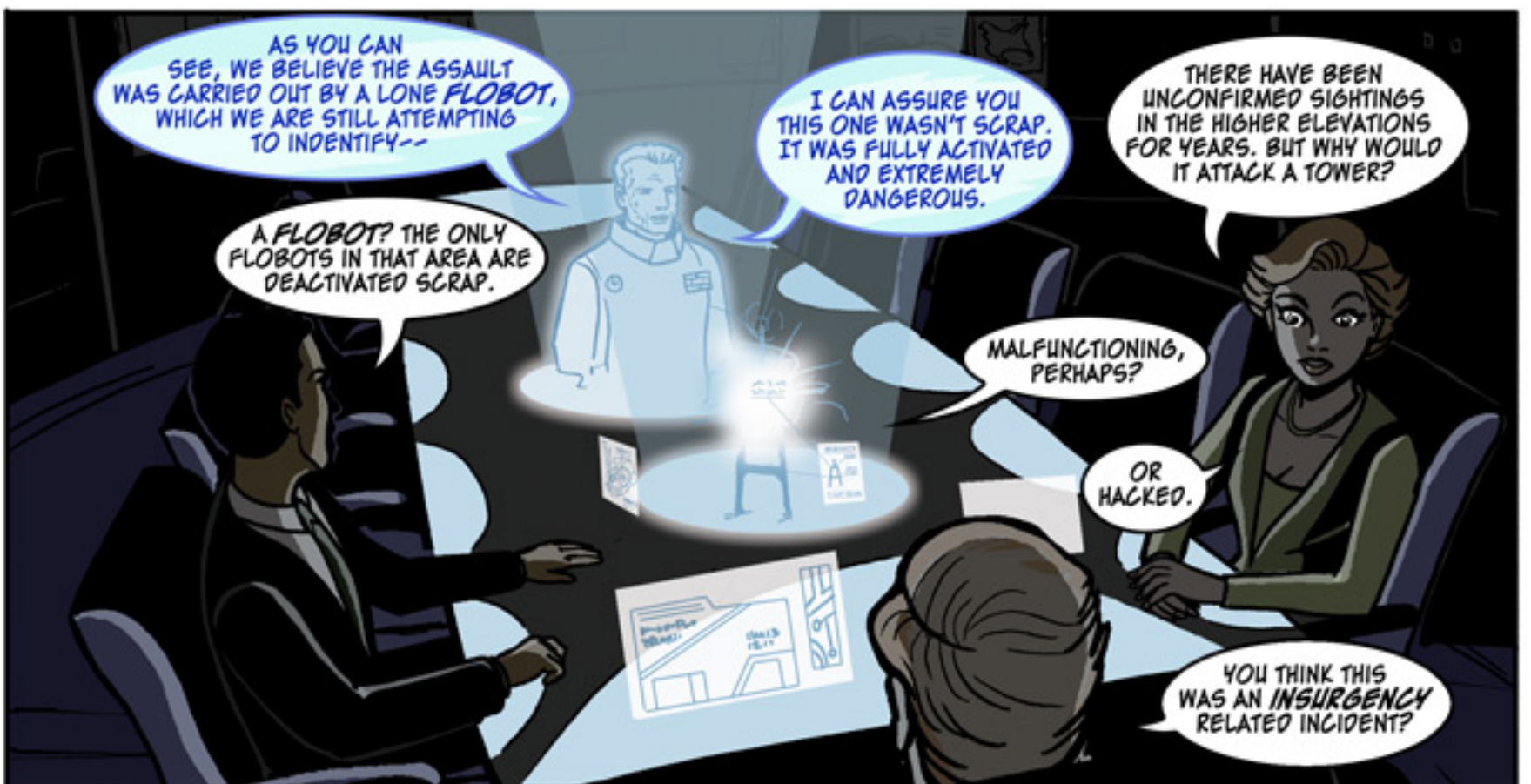
I CAN ASSURE YOU THIS ONE WASN'T SCRAP. IT WAS FULLY ACTIVATED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

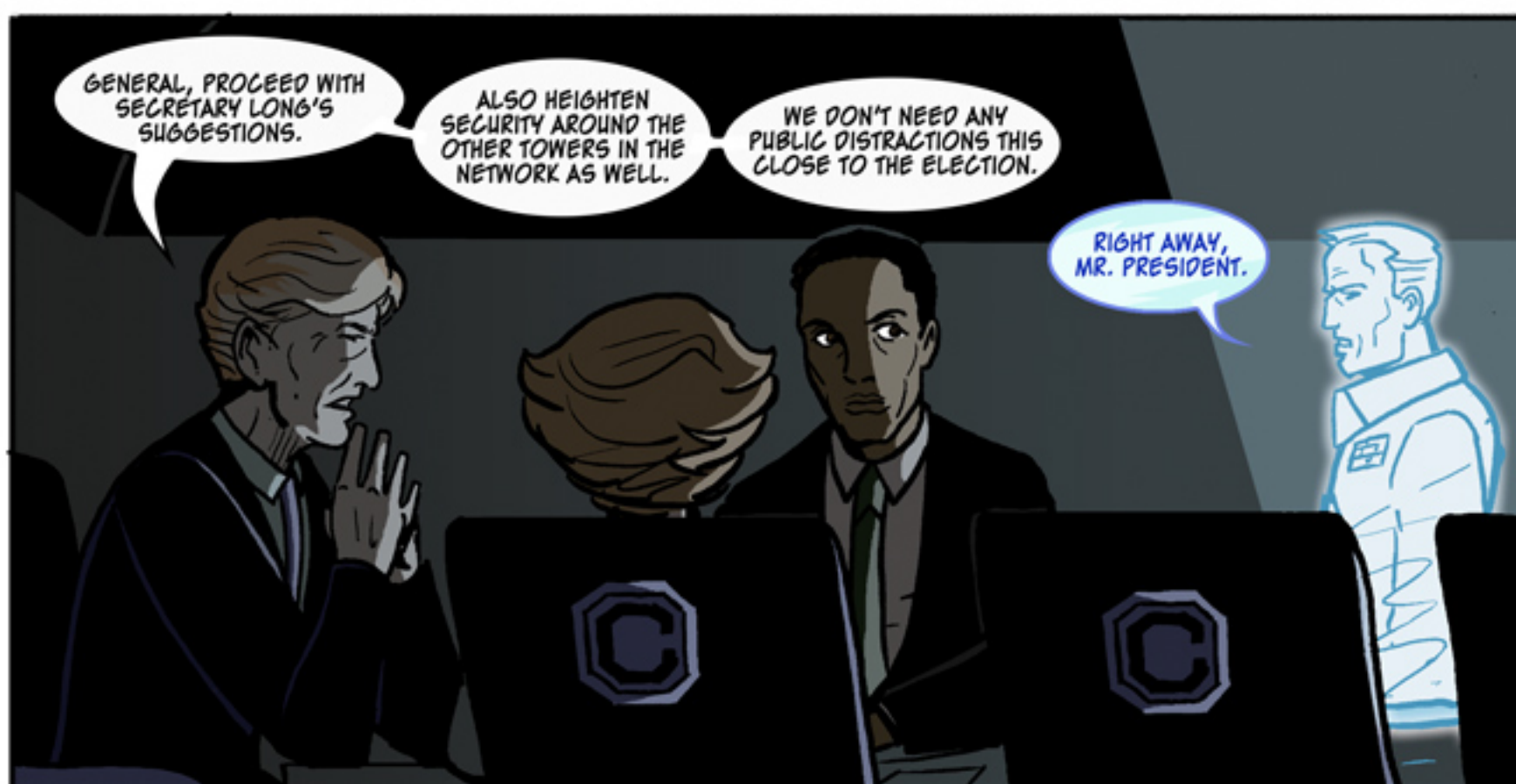
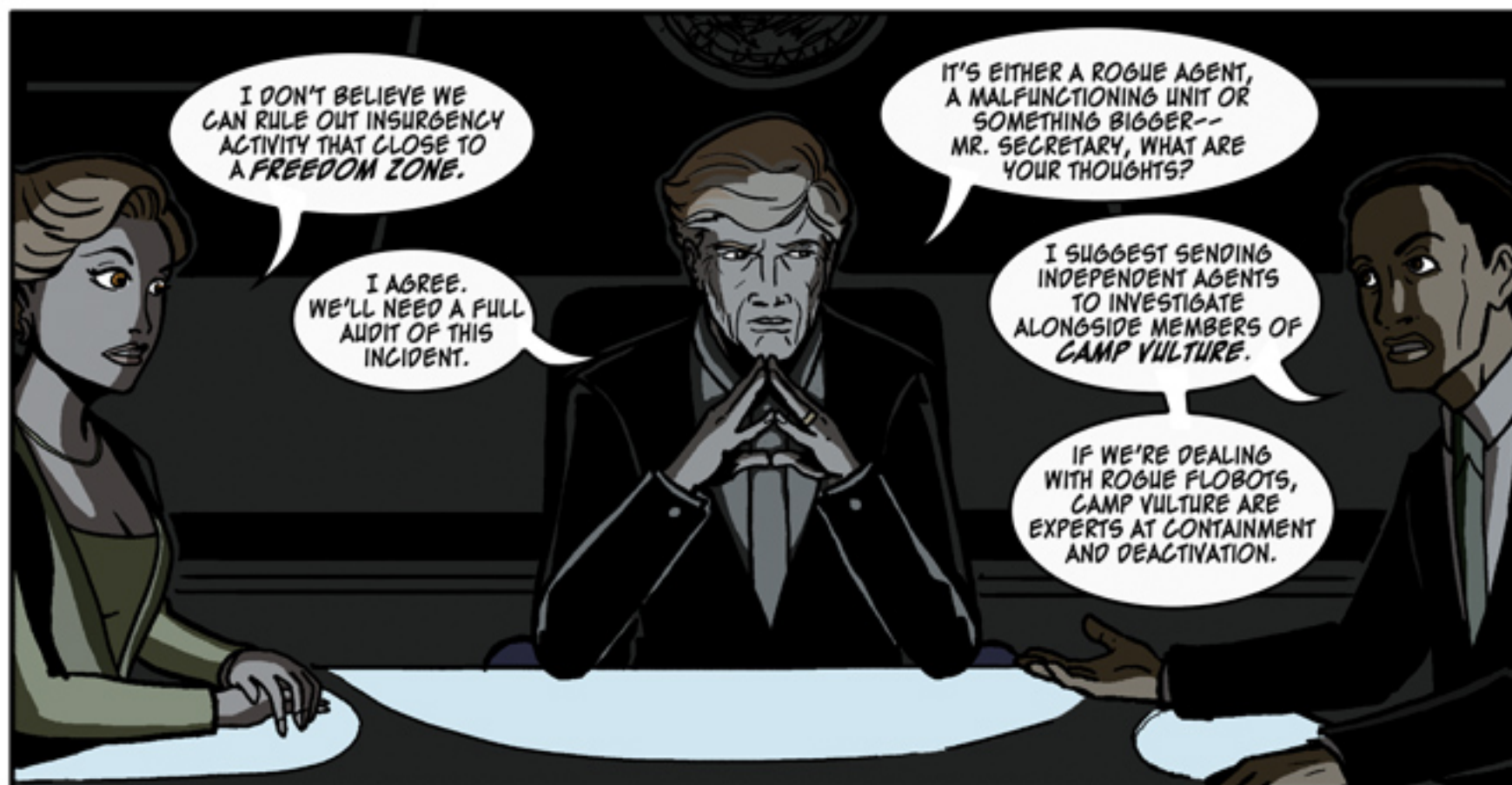
THERE HAVE BEEN UNCONFIRMED SIGHTINGS IN THE HIGHER ELEVATIONS FOR YEARS. BUT WHY WOULD IT ATTACK A TOWER?

MALFUNCTIONING, PERHAPS?

OR HACKED.

YOU THINK THIS WAS AN INSURGENCY RELATED INCIDENT?







THIS IS AGENT GRANT WALKER.

THIS MAY BE MY LAST TRANSMISSION FROM CAMP VULTURE.



IF YOU'RE RECEIVING THIS MESSAGE, IT MEANS THAT OPERATION *LIBERTY TREE* HAS FAILED AND OUR INFORMATION WAS COMPROMISED.

TO MY FRIENDS, KNOW THAT I'M AT PEACE WITH MY FAMILY ONCE AGAIN. DO NOT WASTE TIME MOURNING MY LOSS. KEEP ON FIGHTING.

TRUE LIBERTY AND FREEDOM IS AT STAKE.



SEE YOU SOON.



VEEP!



WHRRRRRRR-VEEP! VEEP!



VEEP! VEEP! VEEP! VEEP! VEEP! VEEP!



VEEP! VEEP! VEEP.....

DAMN.





GREETINGS,
PROFESSOR LAURIE.



IT HAS BEEN THREE THOUSAND,
EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY THREE
DAYS SINCE YOUR LAST SESSION.



WHERE ARE
YOU...

THERE ARE NO ACTIVE
PROJECTS. WOULD YOU
LIKE TO BEGIN ONE NOW?

COME ON,
COME ON...



THERE YOU
ARE!



NAP TIME'S
OVER. TIME TO
WAKE UP.



DIDN'T THINK
I'D EVER BE THE
ONE DOING THIS--
HERE GOES--



AMAZING HOW SIMPLE
THIS MEMORY CORE IS.
THEY SURE DIDN'T MAKE
THEM LIKE THIS
ANYMORE.

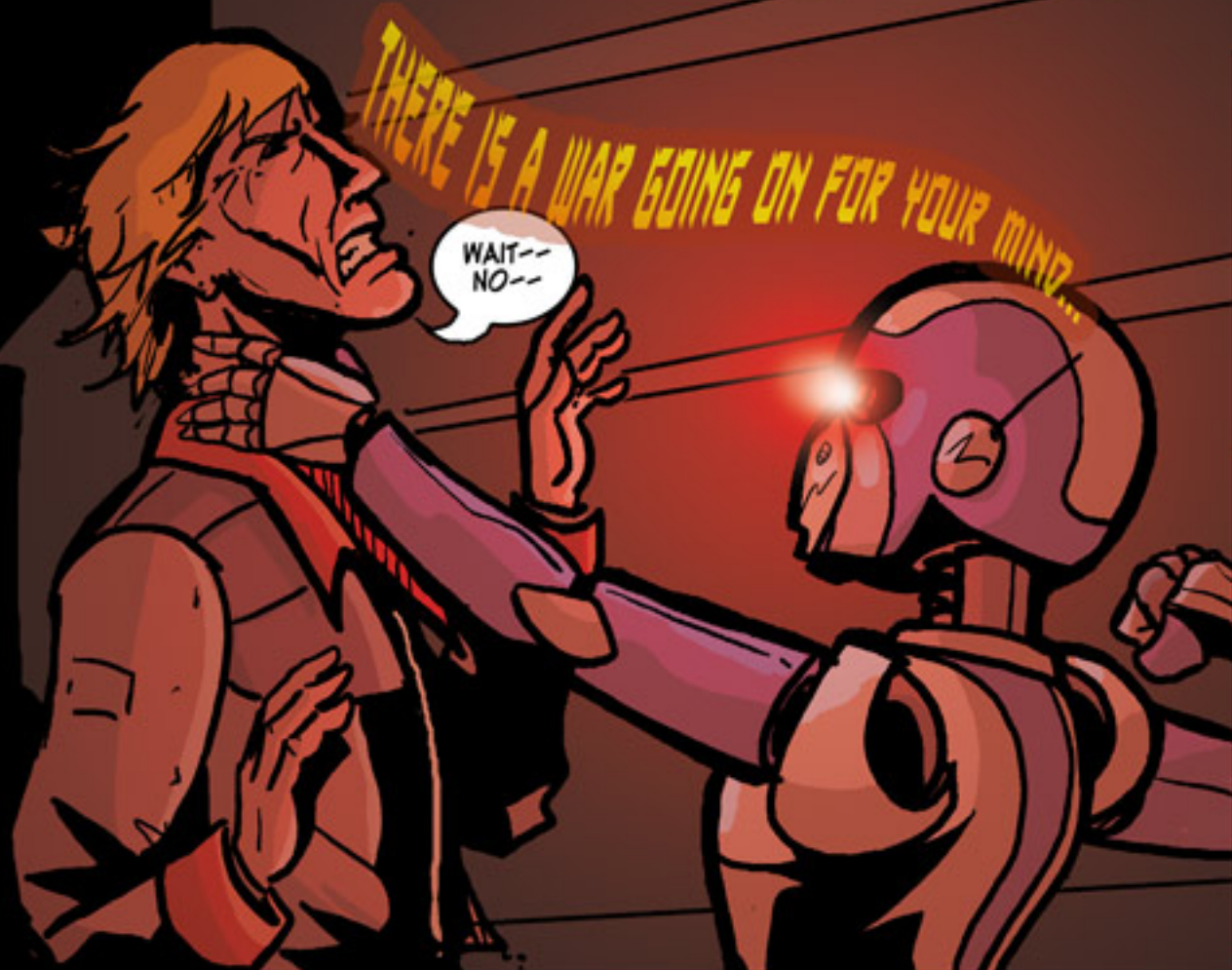
NEVER REALLY
MESSED WITH THE
DIPLOMAT MODEL
BEFORE, ONLY
WEAPONIZED
UNITS...



THAT SHOULD
DO IT...



GCKK!



THERE IS A WAR GOING ON FOR YOUR MIND...

WAIT--
NO--



I'M RECEIVING--
YOUR--GCK! TRANSMISSION--
BUT I CAN'T RESPOND BACK IN
MIND WAVES
ACK! STOP!



THERE IS A WAR GOING ON FOR YOUR MIND...



IT'S CODE!
THE CODE... I...
FORGOT...

WHAT IS IT!?
CAN'T...THINK!
GCKKK!



THINKING!--GCK!
IF YOU ARE--
G-CK! IF YOU--

--ARRRGK!

THERE IS A WAR GOING ON FOR YOUR MIND...



-IF YOU ARE
THINKING, YOU ARE
WINNING-

THE INSURGENCY IS ALIVE AND WELL.



I AM SORRY FOR THE
USE OF FORCE. MY SELF
DEFENSE MECHANISM MUST
HAVE SENSED YOU AS A
THREAT--

I'LL BE FINE.
WE DON'T HAVE
MUCH TIME TO GET
YOU DEBRIEFED.

YES. OPERATION
LIBERTY TREE.
WHERE IS
GENERAL
ROBERTS?

HE'S DEAD...

THE OTHERS?

THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
COALITION WIPED
THEM OUT.

YOU ARE THE
COMMANDING
OFFICER NOW.

EVERYTHING
WENT BAD--
THE INSURGENCY
HAD TO GO
UNDERGROUND.

HOW LONG
HAVE I
BEEN OUT?

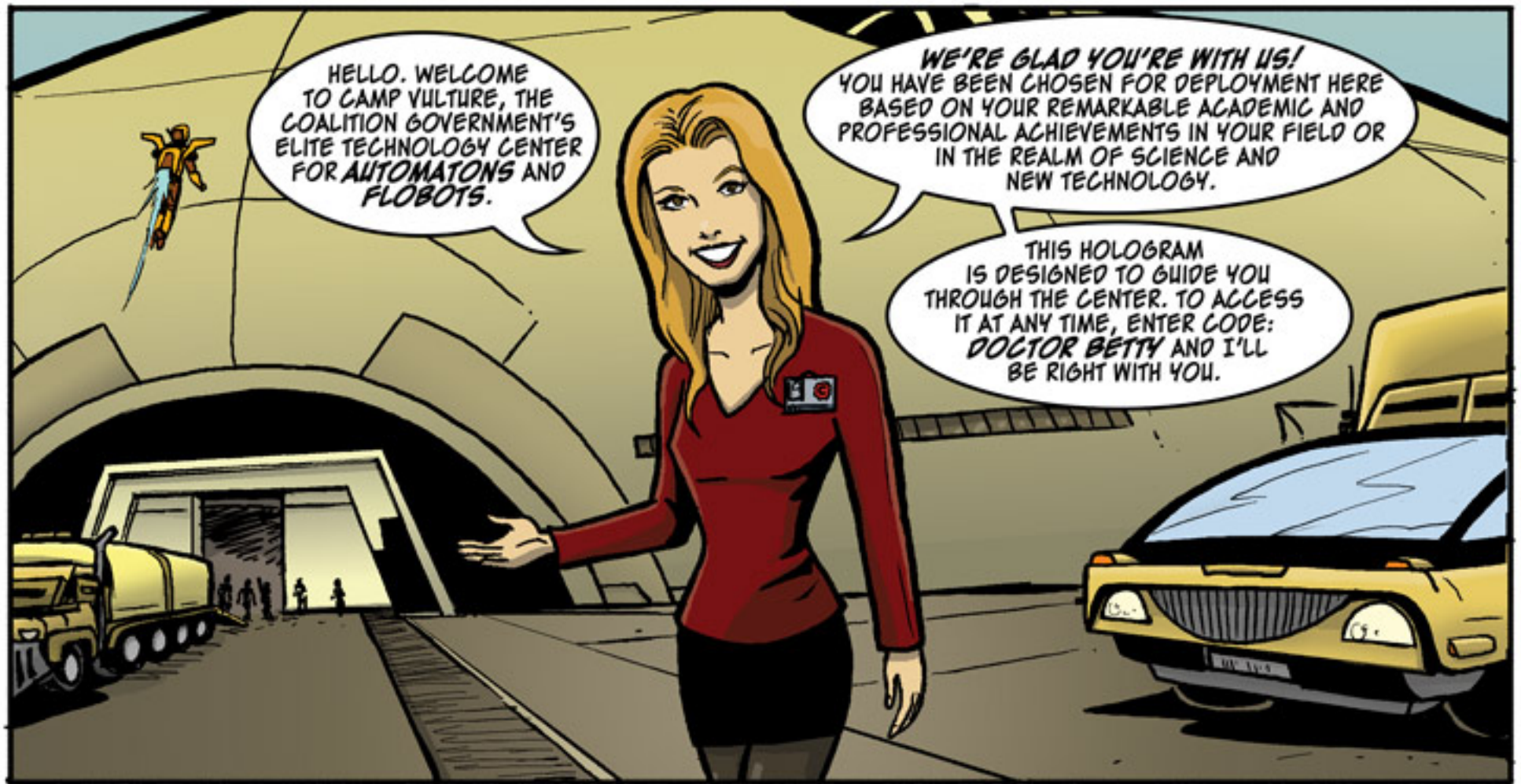
IT'S 2085.

TEN YEARS.

NOT GOOD.



OUR STORY CONTINUES ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2.



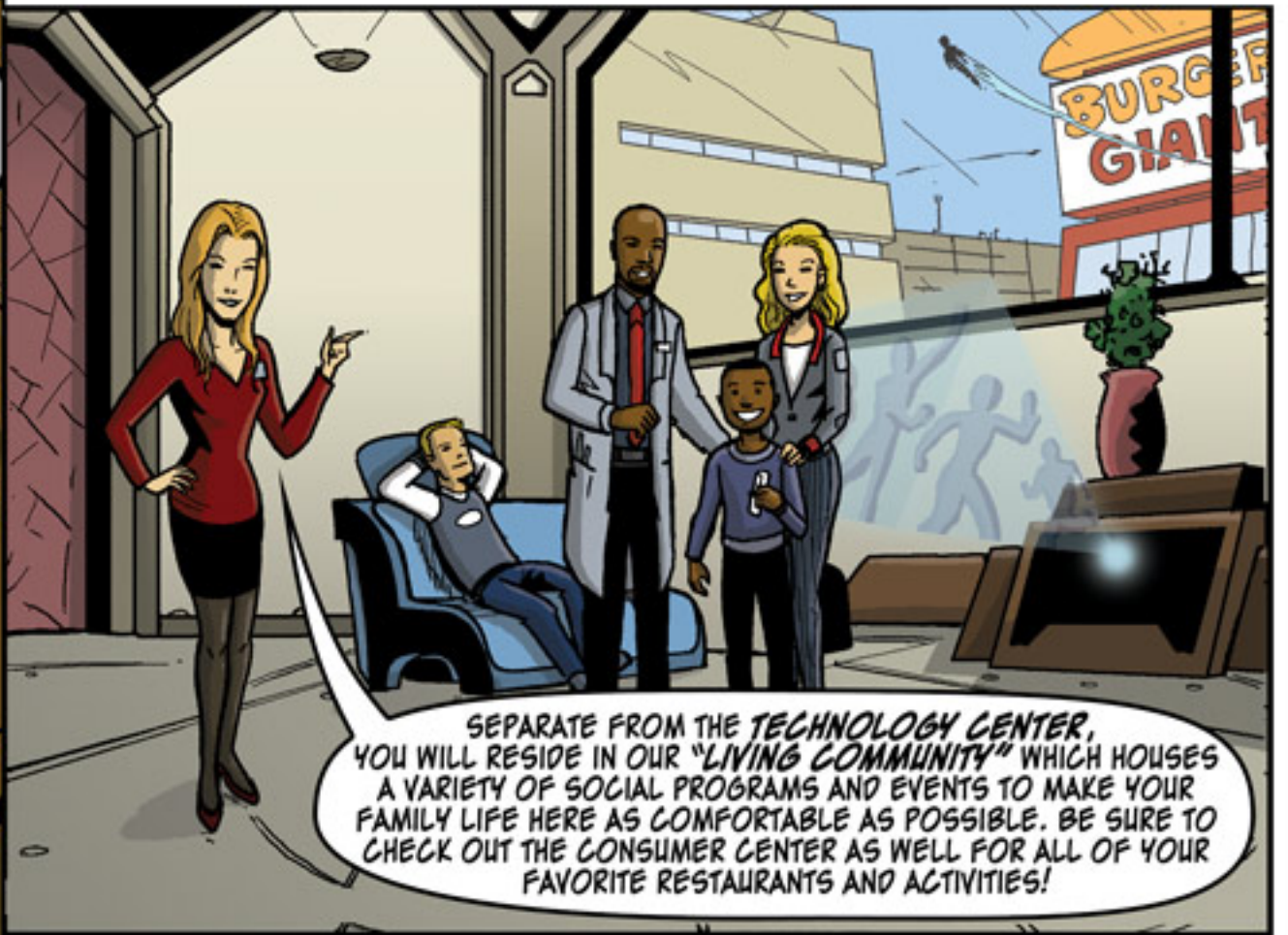
HELLO. WELCOME TO CAMP VULTURE, THE COALITION GOVERNMENT'S ELITE TECHNOLOGY CENTER FOR AUTOMATONS AND FLOBOTS.

WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE WITH US! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR DEPLOYMENT HERE BASED ON YOUR REMARKABLE ACADEMIC AND PROFESSIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS IN YOUR FIELD OR IN THE REALM OF SCIENCE AND NEW TECHNOLOGY.

THIS HOLOGRAM IS DESIGNED TO GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE CENTER. TO ACCESS IT AT ANY TIME, ENTER CODE: **DOCTOR BETTY** AND I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.



AS YOU KNOW BY NOW, YOU WILL BE DEALING WITH HIGHLY SENSITIVE AND CLASSIFIED INFORMATION DURING YOUR STAY HERE. CONTACT OUTSIDE OF THE CAMP IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED AND YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO TAKE WEEKLY **BIO-SCANS** TO DETECT TOXINS, NANITE INFECTIONS OR DECEPTIVE BEHAVIOR.



SEPARATE FROM THE TECHNOLOGY CENTER, YOU WILL RESIDE IN OUR "LIVING COMMUNITY" WHICH HOUSES A VARIETY OF SOCIAL PROGRAMS AND EVENTS TO MAKE YOUR FAMILY LIFE HERE AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE. BE SURE TO CHECK OUT THE CONSUMER CENTER AS WELL FOR ALL OF YOUR FAVORITE RESTAURANTS AND ACTIVITIES!



WE'RE CONFIDENT THAT WITH YOUR EXPERTISE AND SKILLS YOU CAN HELP THE COALITION BUILD A BETTER AMERICA AND A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR THE WORLD.

LET'S GO DOWN TO THE TECHNOLOGY CENTER TO LEARN EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT WORKING WITH FLOBOTS.

ARE YOU READY? LET'S GET STARTED.

CHAPTER TWO:

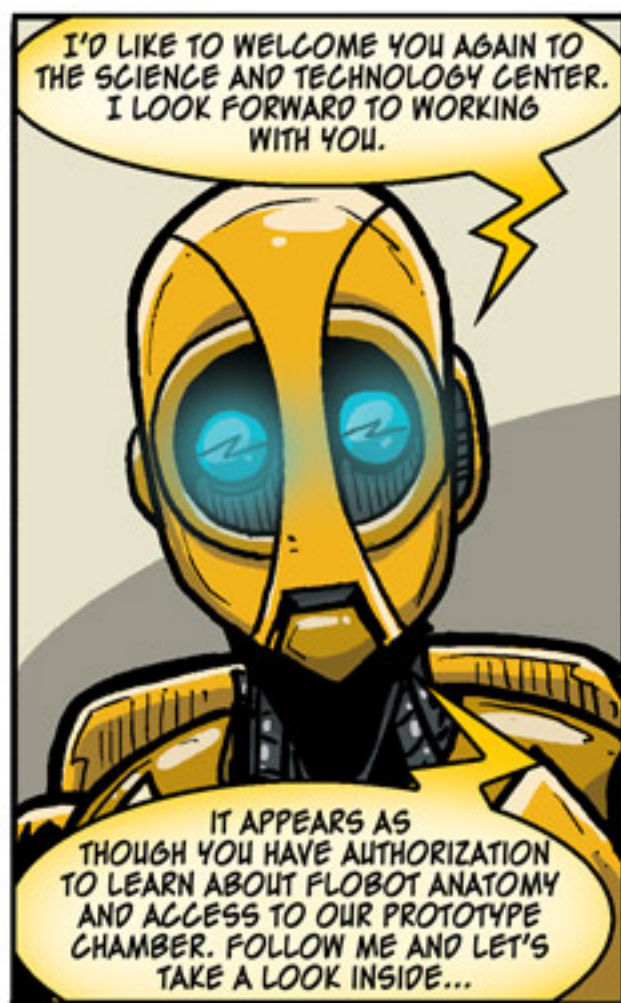
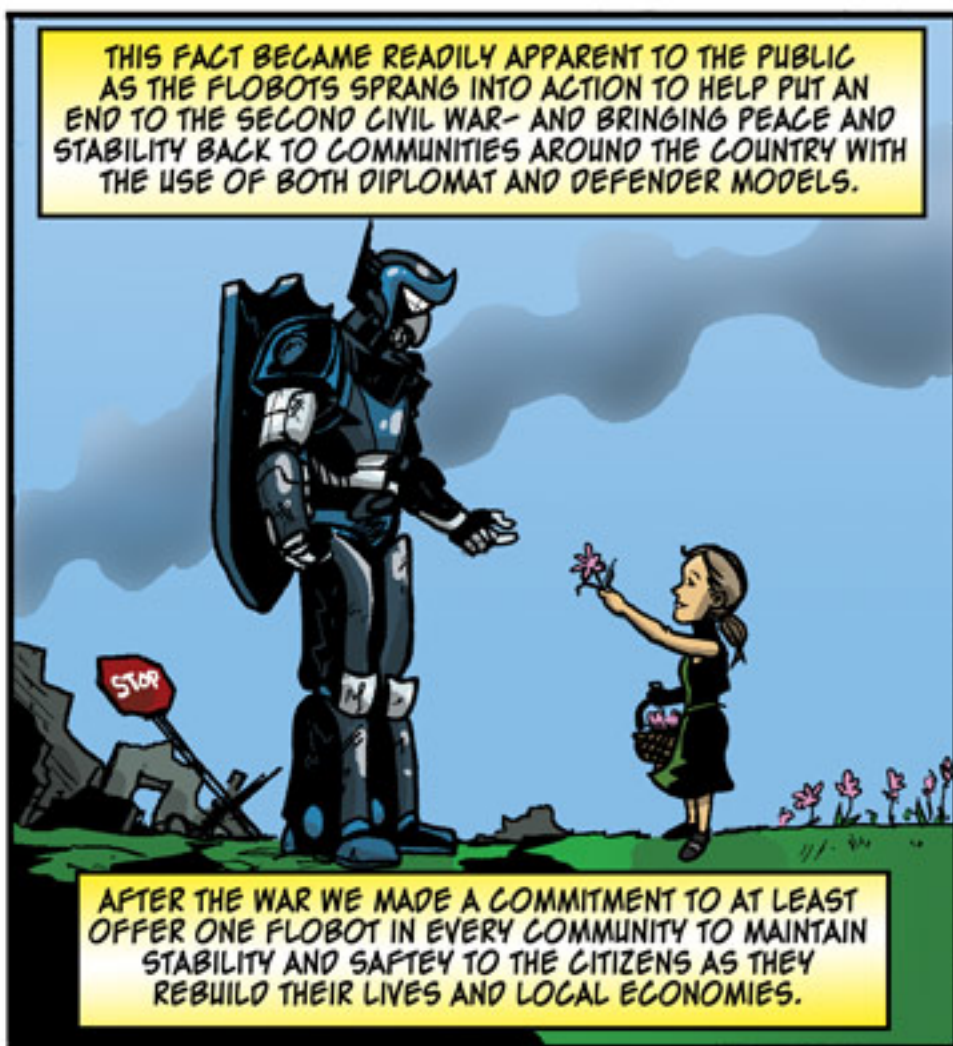
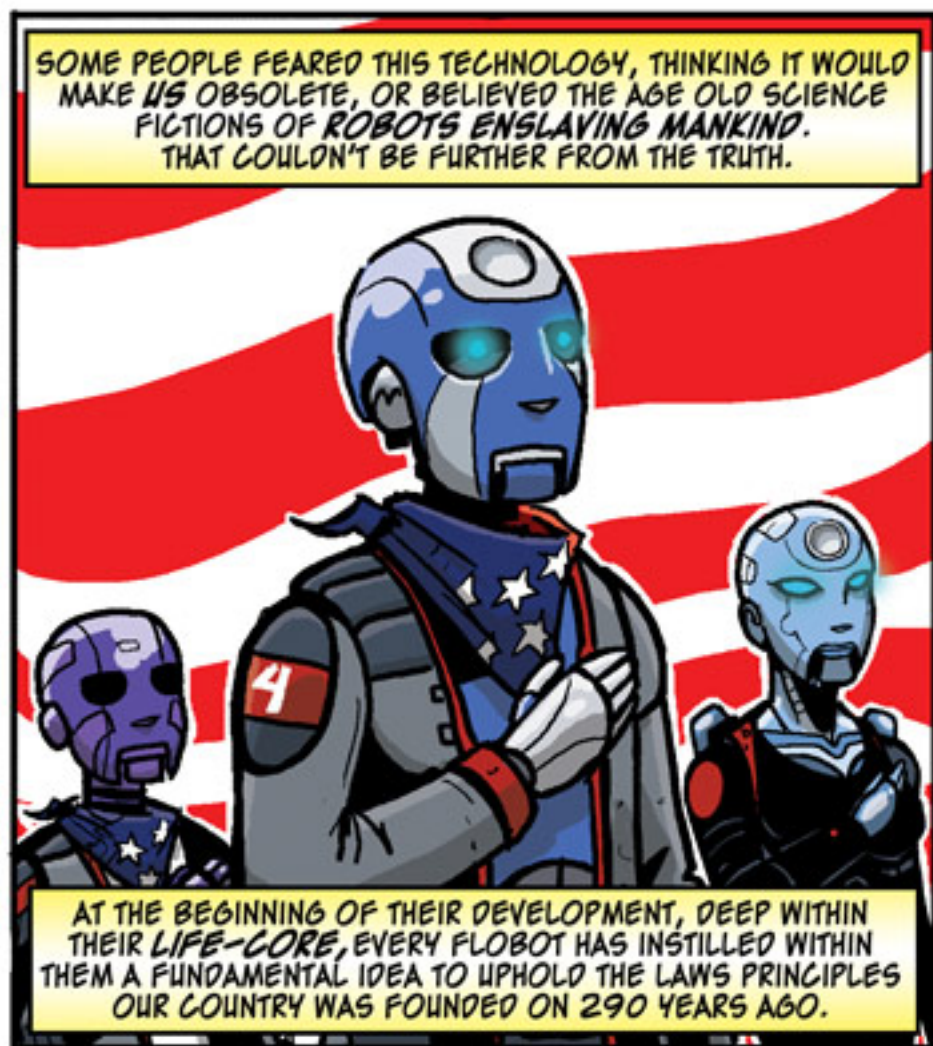
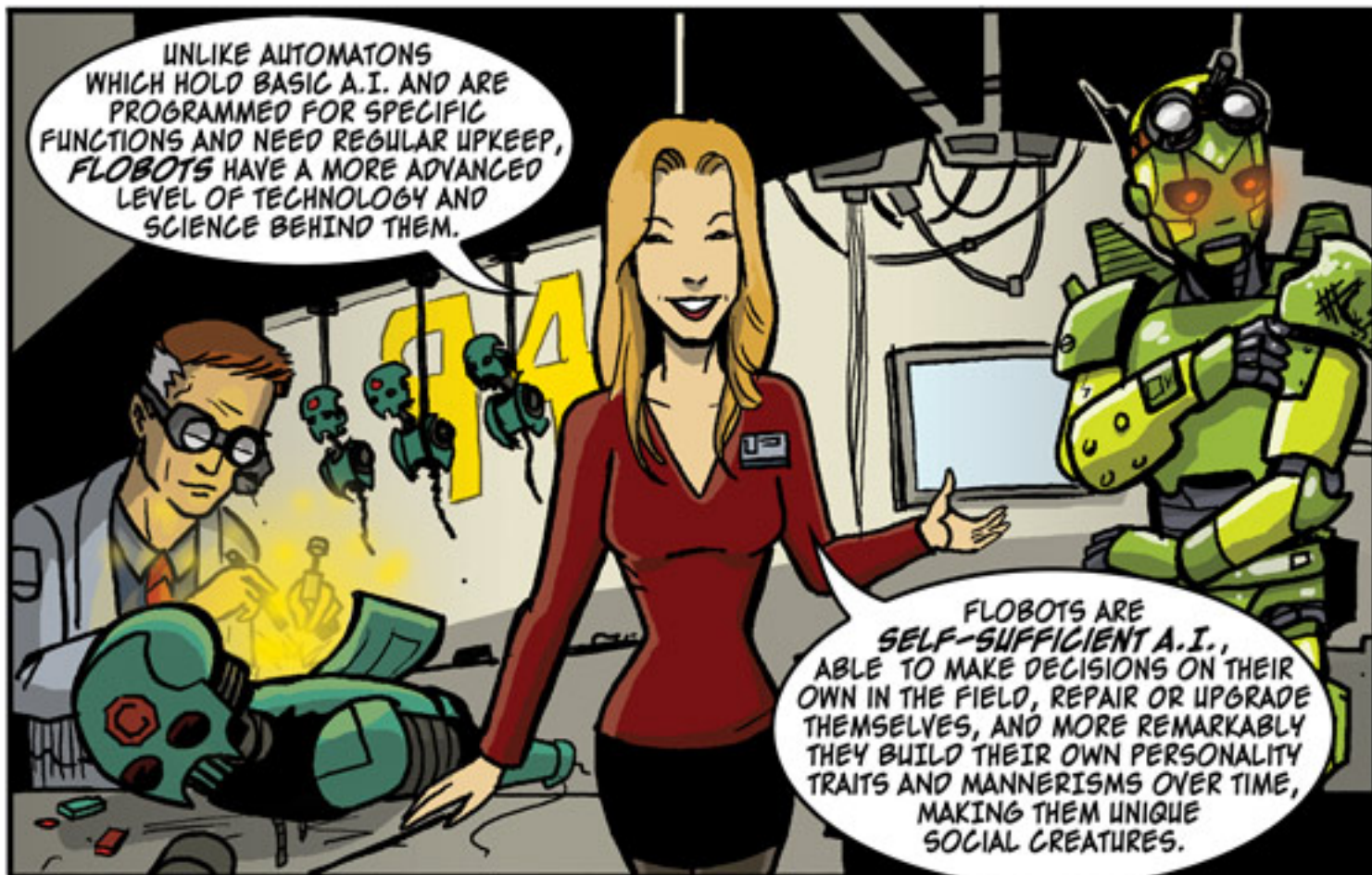
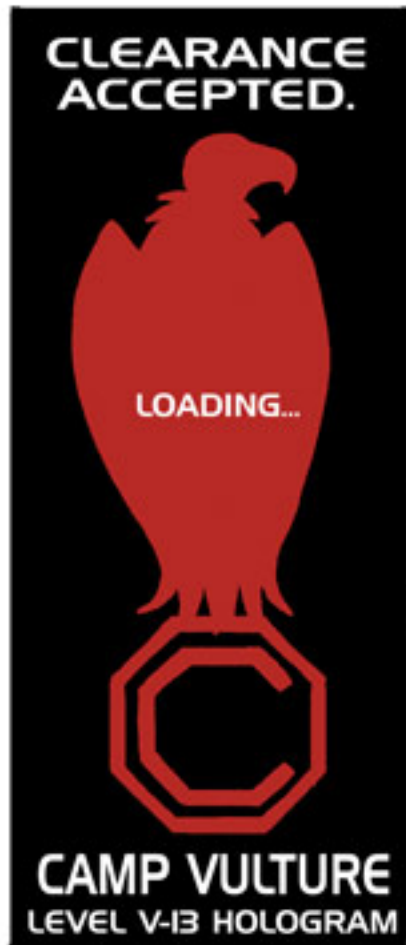
IN THE BELLY OF THE VULTURE...

STORY - ART

D.J. COFFMAN

COLORS

BRANDON J. CARR

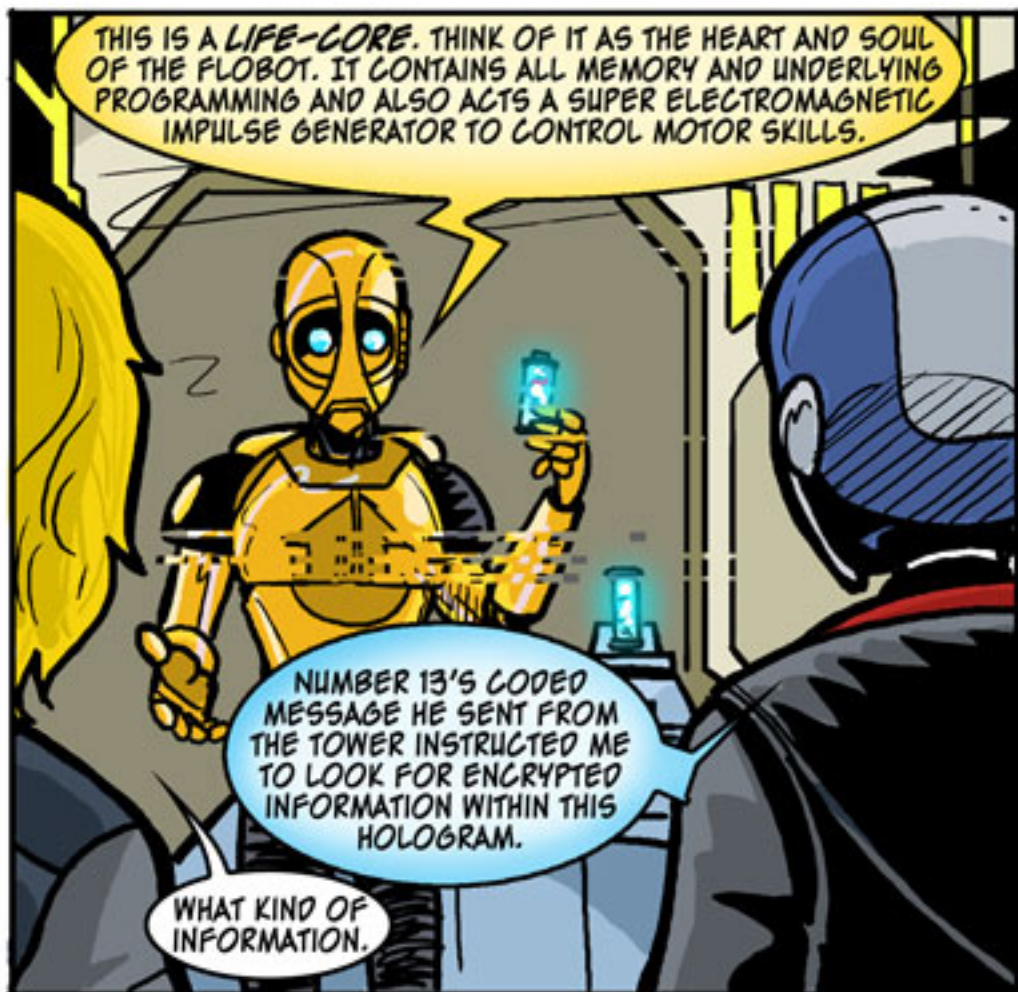




SUCH FASCINATING PROPAGANDA.

YEAH, WHY EXACTLY ARE WE WATCHING THIS AGAIN?

LET'S LOOK AT THE BASICS OF FLOBOTICS.



THIS IS A LIFE-CORE. THINK OF IT AS THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE FLOBOT. IT CONTAINS ALL MEMORY AND UNDERLYING PROGRAMMING AND ALSO ACTS A SUPER ELECTROMAGNETIC IMPULSE GENERATOR TO CONTROL MOTOR SKILLS.

NUMBER 13'S CODED MESSAGE HE SENT FROM THE TOWER INSTRUCTED ME TO LOOK FOR ENCRYPTED INFORMATION WITHIN THIS HOLOGRAM.

WHAT KIND OF INFORMATION.



I HOPE YOU WILL NOT TAKE OFFENSE IF I TOLD YOU THAT THE INFORMATION IS TOO SENSITIVE TO SHARE WITH YOU AT THIS MOMENT.

NOT AT ALL.

THE LIFE-CORE IS ALSO THE CONTROL CENTER FOR OUR EXPERIMENTAL ABILITY KNOWN AS TECHLEPATHY.



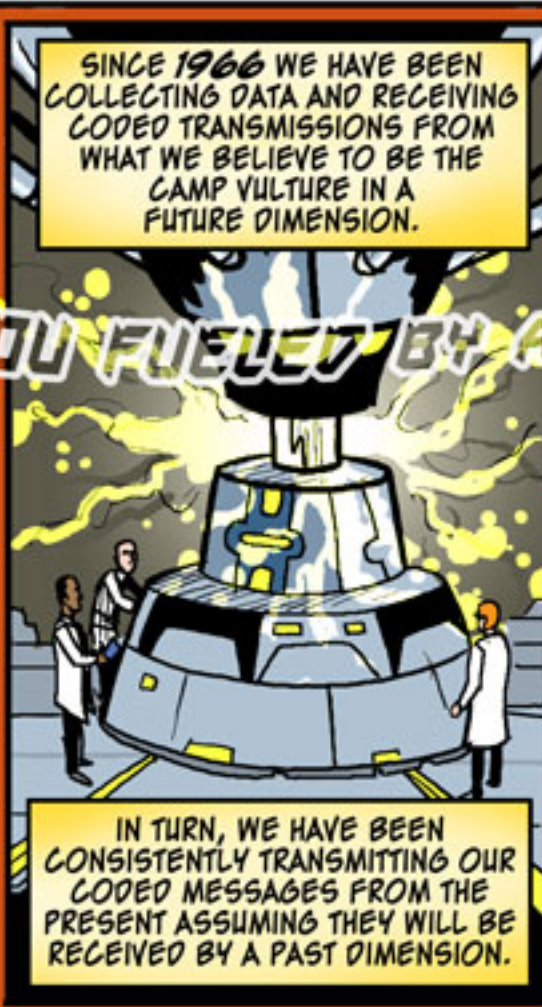
TECHLEPATHY ALLOWS US TO BROADCAST MESSAGES BETWEEN FLOBOT UNITS AND TO MOST HUMAN BRAIN CENTERS, UNLESS MUTATED OR ALTERED IN SOME WAY.

WE ARE ALSO EXPERIMENTING WITH BEING ABLE TO RECEIVE TELEPATHIC TRANSMISSIONS FROM AUGMENTED HUMAN BRAIN CENTERS.



THERE ARE MANY THEORIES THAT TECHLEPATHIC AND TELEPATHIC TRANSMISSIONS TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE-TIME MUCH DIFFERENTLY. DEPENDING ON THE STRENGTH OF THE SIGNAL.

OUR RESEARCH SHOWS THAT IT IS POSSIBLE THAT TRANSMISSIONS SENT IN THE PRESENT MAY BE PICKED UP BY ACTIVATED BRAIN CENTERS IN THE PAST. HOW DO WE KNOW THIS IS GOING ON?



SINCE 1966 WE HAVE BEEN COLLECTING DATA AND RECEIVING CODED TRANSMISSIONS FROM WHAT WE BELIEVE TO BE THE CAMP CULTURE IN A FUTURE DIMENSION.

IN TURN, WE HAVE BEEN CONSISTENTLY TRANSMITTING OUR CODED MESSAGES FROM THE PRESENT ASSUMING THEY WILL BE RECEIVED BY A PAST DIMENSION.



THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, WE CANNOT TARGET OR PINPOINT A TIME, PLACE OR SPECIFIC CENTER, HUMAN OR OTHERWISE THAT MAY RECEIVE THIS MESSAGE IN THE PAST DIMENSION.

SO, SENDING SOME DISTANT EARLY WARNING OR DIRECT COMMUNICATION FROM A FUTURE DIMENSION REMAINS IMPOSSIBLE AT THIS JUNCTURE.

EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO RECEIVE SUCH WARNINGS OR ADVICE FROM OUR FUTURE DIMENSIONAL SELVES, IT WOULD NOT CHANGE THE OUTCOME FOR THAT SPECIFIC DIMENSION.

A SIMPLE EXAMPLE OF THIS WOULD BE, IF WE BEGAN SENDING DIRECT MESSAGES TO THE PAST, WARNING THEM OF ACTIONS THAT LEAD TO WORLD WAR III, THEY MAY ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO PREVENT IT THEIR DIMENSION, BUT OUR DIMENSIONAL PAST WOULD REMAIN THE SAME.

I THINK MY MIND JUST MELTED A LITTLE. THEY'RE MESSING WITH TIME TRAVEL STUFF DOWN HERE?

NO, NOT REALLY...

...MORE LIKE AN INTERDIMENSIONAL INFORMATION SUPER HIGHWAY.

IF YOU SAY SO.

YOUR WORK HERE WILL HELP US TO FINE TUNE OUR TRANSMISSIONS. OUR GOAL IS TO BE ABLE TO TARGET AND DELIVER MESSAGES TO SPECIFIC COALITION SCIENCE CENTERS AROUND THE GLOBE...

IT MAY TAKE CENTURIES, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE THAT ONE DAY WE ALL MAY BE ABLE TO ACCESS A INTERDIMENSIONAL COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS THAT COULD TRANSFORM OUR REALITIES.

OUR WORK TOGETHER BEGINS HERE IN THE **PROTOTYPE CHAMBER**. TO ACCESS CURRENT AND PAST PROJECTS ENTER CODE **051733101**

HE WANTS US TO DESTROY THIS PROTOTYPE CHAMBER.

BUT, THERE'S NOTHING HERE NOW-- IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEONE ALREADY DESTROYED IT.

CORRECT. 13 ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION HERE, HE'S HIDDEN THE PROTOTYPE CHAMBER, AND MADE SURE THE COALITION COULD NOT PRODUCE ANY NEW FLOBOTS AT THIS LOCATION.

I'LL HAVE TO PIECE TOGETHER THE MAP TO THE LOCATION, AND THEN DESTROY IT FOR GOOD.

FIRST I'D LIKE TO MEET THE OTHERS...



DAMMIT. IT'S MY WEEK OFF. BETTER BE AN EMERGENCY...



COALITION MARSHALS OFFICE, LT. FARRIOR SPEAKING.

LIEUTENANT, WE'VE HAD A SECURITY BREACH AT TOWER 778-

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME? NO OFFENSE GENERAL, BUT BABY SITTING YOUR CONTROL TOWERS ISN'T IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION.



MR. FARRIOR, I'M NOT REQUESTING YOUR SERVICES AS A MARSHAL, BUT AS A FREELANCE OPERATIVE TO ASSIST ON A JOB DIRECT FROM THE PRESIDENT.

I DON'T DO MERCENARY WORK ANYMORE.

WE BELIEVE OUR SITUATION MAY INVOLVE A ROGUE FLOBOT. WE KNOW YOUR EXPERTISE AND INTEREST IN DEALING WITH THEM IN THE PAST--

YOU MEAN HUNTING DOWN AND KILLING THEM? YEAH, I CAN DO THAT... FOR A PRICE.



WE WILL PAY YOU FIVE MILLION AMEROS FOR ANY ROGUE FLOBOTS TAKEN IN WITH LIFE-CORES INTACT.

I'LL DO IT FOR 10 INTACT, 5 DISABLED.



THE COALITION WILL PAY YOU 10 MILLION AMEROS FOR ACTIVE LIFE-CORES TURNED IN, BUT NOTHING FOR DISABLED.

MUST BE SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR, EH?

THAT'S NOT OF YOUR CONCERN, LT. FARRIOR. IF THERE ARE ROGUE FLOBOTS, FIND THEM AND BRING THEM IN.



THAT WON'T BE A PROBLEM. JUST HAVE MY MONEY READY AND ON TIME.

THE MONEY IS READY AND WAITING FOR YOU, ALONG WITH A BONUS WE'VE ALREADY TRANSFERRED TO YOUR ACCOUNT. GOOD LUCK, LT. FARRIOR.



CHEAP BASTARDS.

THEY THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'LL PAY A HUNTER THESE DAYS?



THEY KNOW I'M A SURE THING.

THEY JUST DON'T KNOW MY SECRET.

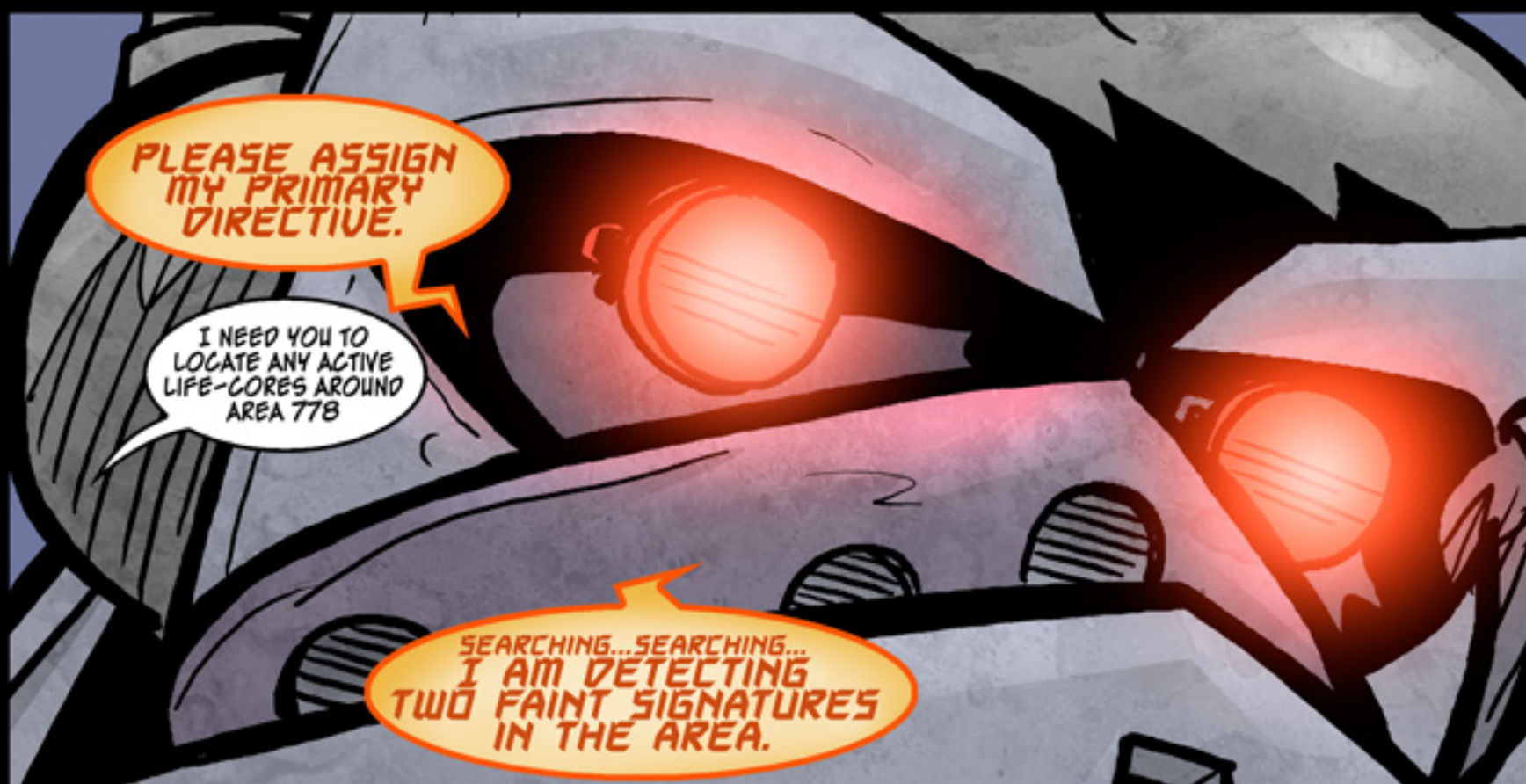


TIME TO
WAKE UP, AND MAKE
SOME MONEY,
SIX-NINE.

AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED.
WHAT IS THE ACCESS CODE?

WAW-THETA
OMICRON.

ACCESS GRANTED.
SEARCHING...SEARCHING...



PLEASE ASSIGN
MY PRIMARY
DIRECTIVE.

I NEED YOU TO
LOCATE ANY ACTIVE
LIFE-CORES AROUND
AREA 77B

SEARCHING...SEARCHING...
I AM DETECTING
TWO FAINT SIGNATURES
IN THE AREA.

CAMP VULTURE.

DO YOU
THINK IT'S
SAFE YET?

SHOULD WE
OPEN THE
DOOR, SARA?





HMMM... I DON'T SEE A MOVE...

I THINK YOU'VE BEAT ME AGAIN, SHELLY.

I WON!
I WON!



GOOD NEWS, KIDS. SARA SAYS IT WAS JUST A FALSE ALARM. GRANT WILL BE BACK ANY MINUTE AND YOU CAN ALL GET BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS.

WHAT ABOUT MR. THIRTEEN, WILL HE BE BACK TOO?



HE HAD TO GO ON A TOP SECRET MISSION. HE MIGHT BE GONE A LITTLE LONGER, BUT I'M SURE HE'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME. YOU ALL SHOULD GO PACK UP YOUR THINGS AND GET READY TO GO HOME.



YOU KNOW, YOU'RE NOT A VERY GOOD LIAR.

YOU MEAN KINDA LIKE HOW YOU LET THE KIDS WIN ALL THE TIME?

HEY, THEY'RE NOT FROWNING ANYMORE. SO WHAT'S REALLY GOING DOWN?

SARA THINKS GRANT MADE IT...BUT I THINK HE'D BE BACK BY NOW. WE SHOULD PROBABLY START THINKING ABOUT **PLAN B**.



MIGUEL, THIS IS **PLAN B**.

WELL, IT FEELS LIKE THERE SHOULD BE A **PLAN C**, THEN.

THERE IS. **PLAN C** IS WHERE WE'RE OUT OF OPTIONS AND START FROM SQUARE ONE.

REMEMBER THOUGH, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, IT WAS MEANT TO BE.

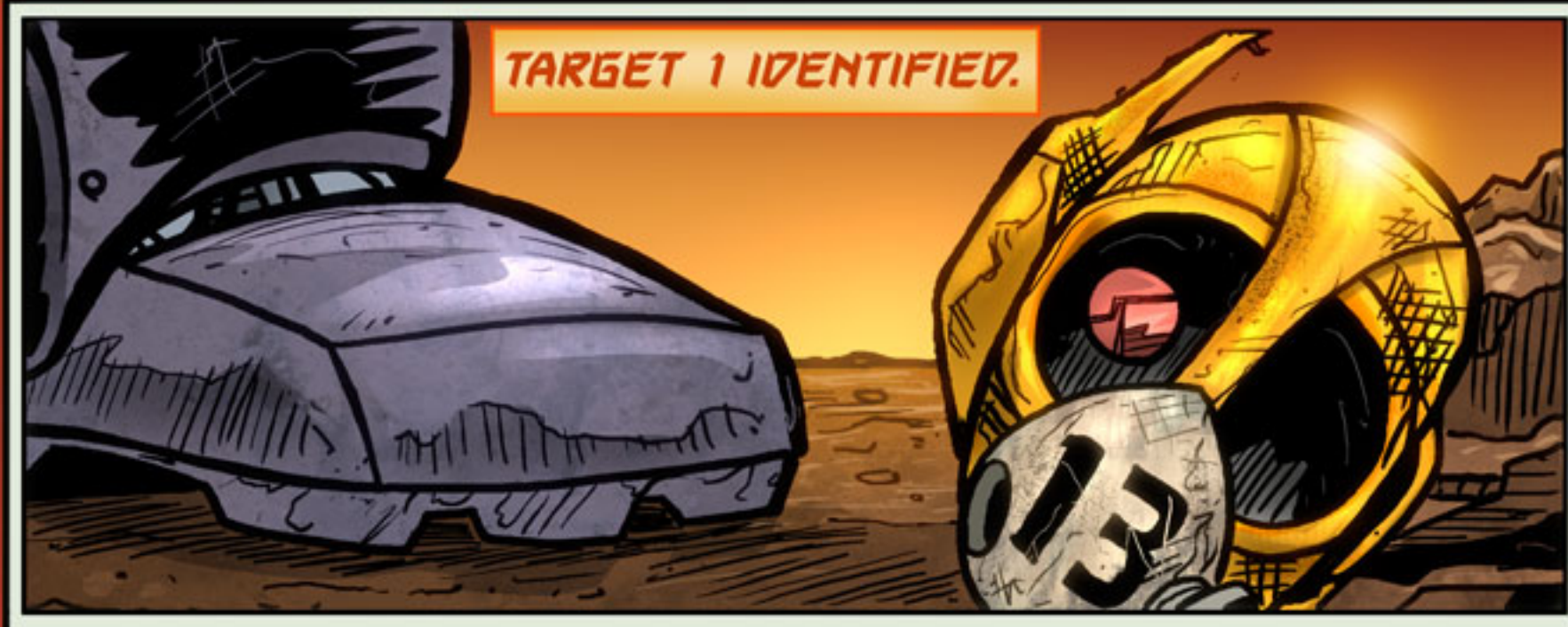


I WISH I COULD BE SO ZEN-LIKE IN A MOMENT LIKE THIS, MALLOY.

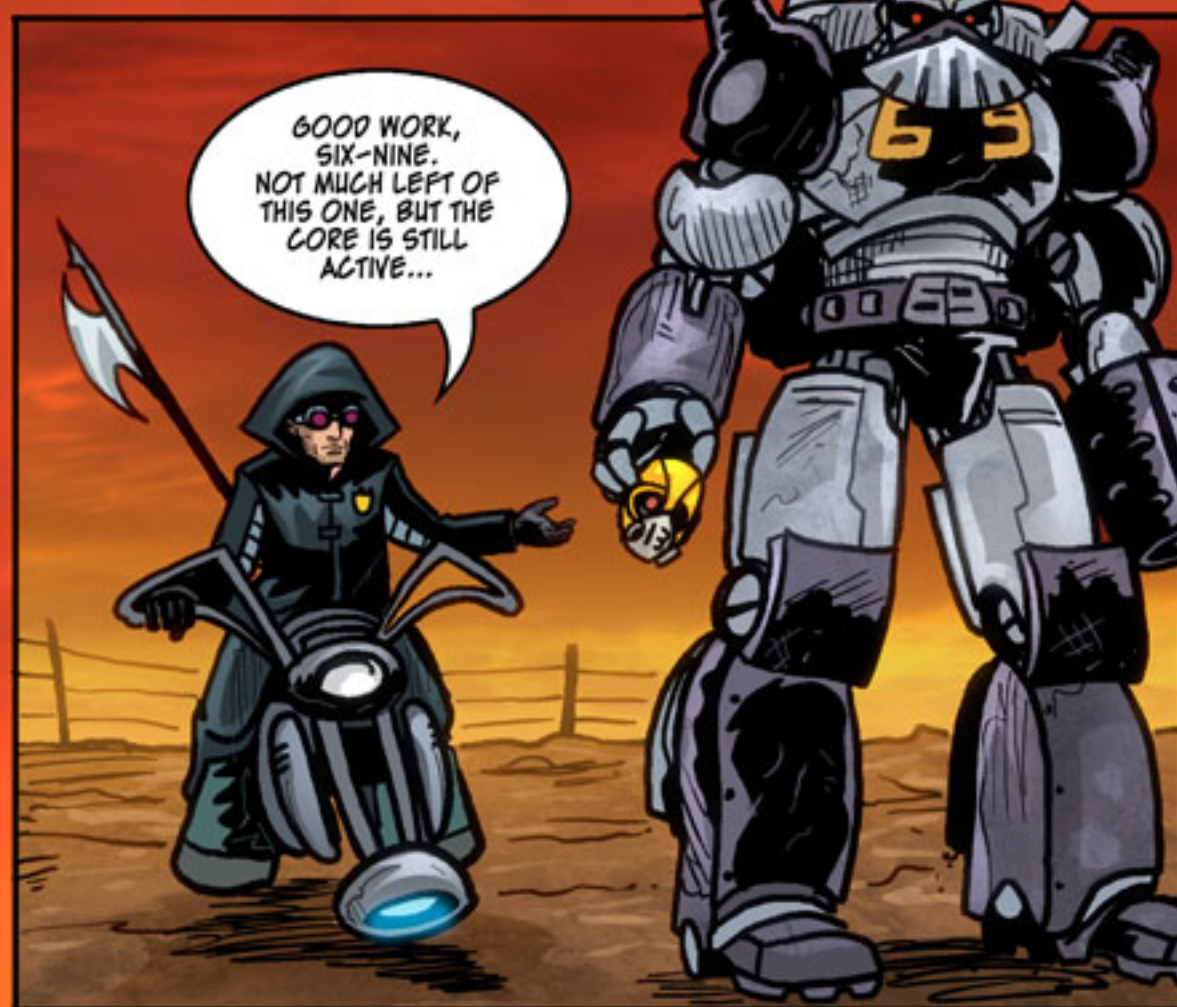
YOU COULD IF YOU'D ONLY NOT TRY.

THERE YOU GO AGAIN.





TARGET 1 IDENTIFIED.



GOOD WORK,
SIX-NINE.
NOT MUCH LEFT OF
THIS ONE, BUT THE
CORE IS STILL
ACTIVE...



SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
WHAT WOULD A FLOBOT
WANT WITH A COALITION
TOWER IN THE FIRST
PLACE?

**NEXT TARGET IS
56.3270 KILOMETERS AWAY.
LOCATION: CAMP VULTURE.**

WHATEVER THEY'RE UP
TO, THEY'LL BE SCRAP METAL
SOON ENOUGH...



TO BE CONTINUED...